1909

The Morning Watch.

EDITED BY
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.
GREENOCK.

GREENOCK: JAMES McKELVIE & SONS LTD.
EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO. LTD.
LONDON: THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, 57 & 59 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

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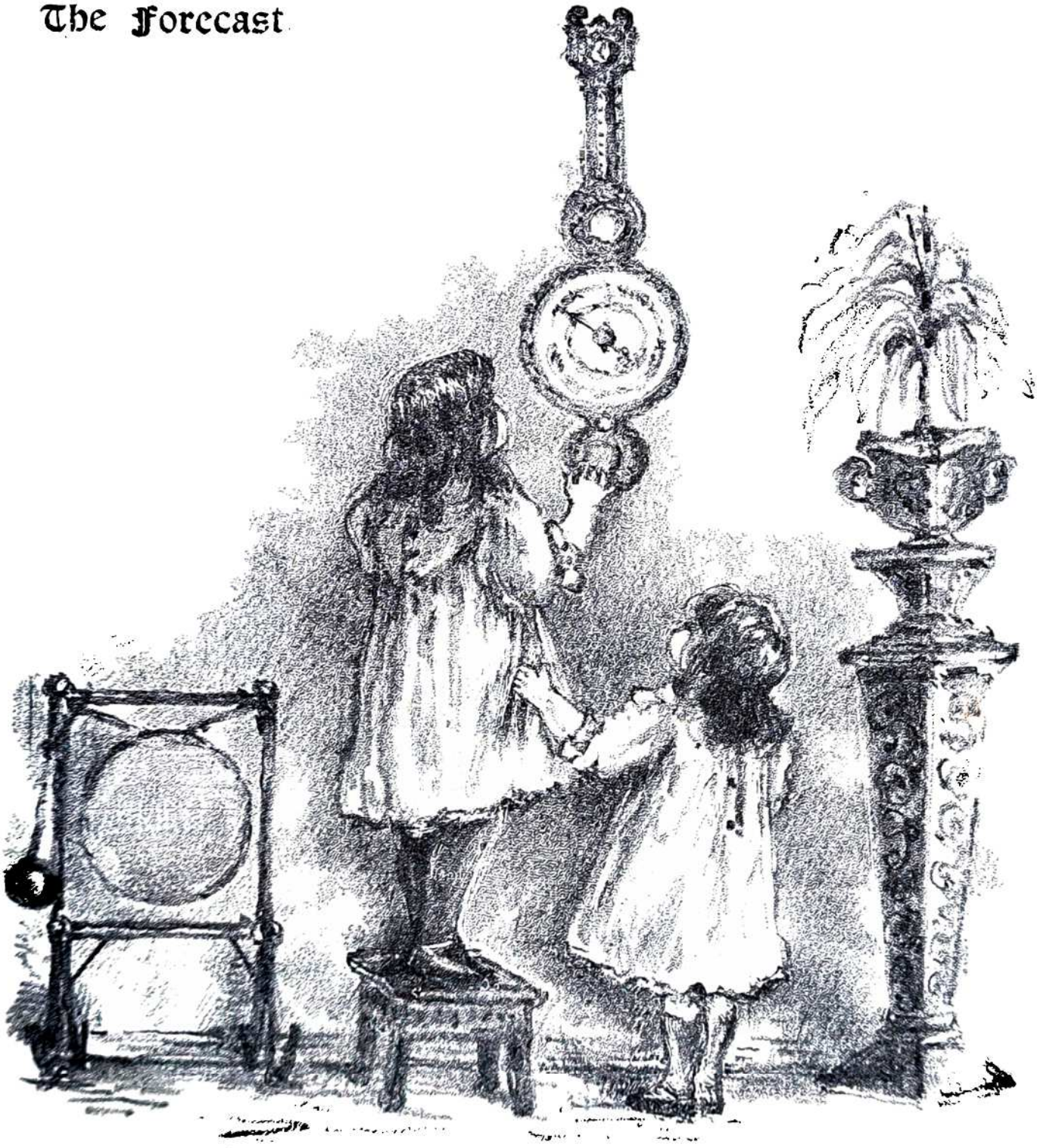
January, 1909. One Halfpenny

The Morning Watch.

Vol. XXII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* No. 1.

The Forecast



"It says—Very Stormy."

"Oh Marjie dear, do let us make it—Very Fine?"

Now Ready. "THE MORNING WATCH" for 1908, Vol. XXI. Price, One Shilling.

Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

Vols. XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., XIX., and XX., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

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1909.

In the year that . . . . . Isaiah 6, 1.

THERE were certain North American Indian tribes, says Mr. Francis Galton, F.R.S., in his *Memories of My Life*, who named each year after some characteristic event that had occurred in it. The chiefs, it seems, had an annual consultation at which the more striking occurrences of the past year were reviewed, and one of them chosen as its representative. Thereupon some one, who was reputed for skill in drawing, made a picture or symbol of the event on his buffalo-skin robe. A year of plague, for example, would be expressed by a picture of a sick man. There is a robe in a Museum on which the history of seventy-one successive years is thus recorded in symbols spirally arranged on it. It was made by a Dakota Indian called *Lone Dog*. Was he a humourist? or a sentimentalist? I wonder. Every dog has his day, they say; Lone Dog had many, and they are not done yet.

What will each of us remember 1908 by? What special joy or sorrow? a birth? a death? a book? a new teacher? a new school? a new home? some Sabbath or some Saturday? a sermon or a game?

And what about this coming year?

There are two things I would say to you.

1. We are tempted to name our years by the trials or disasters that befal us. Let us not forget the everflowing overflowing stream of God's mercies. We are not like clocks that are wound up once a day or once a week, and are then left to themselves. We are never out of God's mind, and never out of God's hand. In Him we live, and move, and have our being. There is no moment in our lives that is not full of countless providences, and every providence is an offer to us of everlasting life through Jesus Christ. If God were to give us only things for the body and things for this life, and were to refuse us all that concerns the soul and the life to come, He would be like a man giving his son a stone when he needed or asked for bread.

2. Remember further that God is not only *always* with us, but that He is often *most* with us when we think Him least with us. At the close of this year you will remember what we call outstanding events. Ten years after this, or twenty, or seventy, if you are spared, you will see, perhaps, that the greatest thing of this year was some trifle like the opening of a door, or the crossing of a street, or a chance word.

Concerning Birthdays.

So teach us to number our days, that we may get us an heart of wisdom.—Psalm 90, 12.

The Day of Birth.

This year, if all is well, I purpose telling you some things that have been said or done by people on their birthdays, or said or done by others on their behalf.

Strictly speaking we have only one actual birthday. More strictly speaking, perhaps, we have four; 1. the day of our natural birth; 2. the day on wbich we are "born again"; 3. the day we die and enter into everlasting life; and 4. the day when we shall be "begotten from the dead," that is, the resurrection morn. It is of the first of these and its recurring anniversaries that I wish to speak, having always, I hope, the other three in view.

We begin with the first of all birthdays, that of CAIN, so named by his mother because she had "gotten" a man with the help of the Lord. Poor Eve!

And the second must be that birthday but for which it had been better that no man ever had been born—"Unto you is born this day in the city of David A SAVIOUR, WHICH IS CHRIST THE LORD."

"I was in the inner garden praying to my God when the news of thy birth came unto me, and before I had seen thy face, I bowed down upon my knees to worship and give thanks unto God, to Whom I gave thee fully up in a solemn manner, praying that thou mightst be wholly His, and that He might care for thee. This I did at the plum-tree, on the north side of the garden door. I mention the place that if thou come to years, it may put thee in mind, after I am gone, of that which was done for thee in the first moment of thy coming into the world."—*Walter Pringle of Greenknow the Covenanter, in a paper written for his son, 16 March, 1663.*

MR. CANTON in his *Story of the Bible Society* quotes this extract from a Contributor's letter in 1878: "I made my boy put a penny into the Bible Box when he was exactly twelve minutes old. I think we may safely claim for him the honour of being the youngest subscriber to the Bible Society's Funds."

"On the day I was born," says MR. J. M. BARRIE in his *Life* of his Mother, "we bought six hair-bottom chairs, and in our little house it was an event, the first great victory in a woman's long campaign; how they had been laboured for, the pound-note and the thirty threepenny bits they cost, what anxiety there was about the purchase, the show they made in possession of the west room, my father's unnatural coolness when he brought them in (but his face was white), I often heard the tale afterwards."

The Day of Birth.

"Soon after my birth, on the 17 Dec., 1826," writes FRANK BUCKLAND, the well-known naturalist, "my father"—afterwards Dean of Westminster—"and Sir Francis Chantrey the sculptor weighed me in the kitchen scales against a leg of mutton, and found me to be heavier than the joint provided for the family dinner that day. In honour of my arrival my father and Sir Francis then went into the garden and planted a birch tree. I know the taste of the twigs of that birch tree well. Sir Francis offered to give me a library. 'What is the use of a library to a child an hour old?' said my father. 'He will live to be sorry for that answer,' said Sir Francis. I never got the library."

MRS. HENRIETTA BICKERSTETH wrote the following words in pencil on the blank leaf of her Testament, 24 August, 1816, the day on which her son Robert, afterwards the well-known godly bishop of Ripon, was born: "Again I have received richly the support and mercy of my Lord. O bind my heart and future life to Thee and to Thy service for ever! Sanctify this Thy new and precious gift to us; teach us that we may be enabled through Thy grace to train our child in the way wherein it ought to go. O adopt it, blessed Jesus, into Thy family on earth; and may it be partaker of eternal glory hereafter! Amen."

When the poet COLERIDGE was asked by a friend how he felt when he first saw his little child, he replied in a sonnet which began thus:

> Charles! my slow heart was only sad, when first
> I scanned that face of feeble infancy:
> For dimly on my thoughtful spirit burst
> All I had been, and all my child might be!

When his grand-nephew the late Lord Coleridge, Chief-Justice of England was born, Sabbath, December 3, 1820, his birth was thus recorded in the *Diary* of his father SIR JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE: "A fine boy. Thank God for this blessing. May my child grow up to do Him honour and service."

And this is how a zoologist, Mr. P. H. Gosse, 1810-1888, a good man but a queer man, entered in his *Diary* the birth of his son, Edmund, the well-known critic and man of letters: "Sept. 21, 1849. E. had a son. Received green swallow from Jamaica."

This is how TENNYSON addressed his new-born son Hallam, August 11, 1852:

> Live, and be happy in thyself, and serve
> This mortal race thy kin so well, that men
> May bless thee as we bless thee, O young life
> Breaking with laughter from the dark; and may
> The fated channel where thy motion lives
> Be prosperously shaped, and sway thy course
> Along the years of haste and random youth
> Unshattered; then full-current through full man:
> And last in kindly curves, with gentlest fall,
> By quiet fields, a slowly dying power,
> To that last sleep where we and thou are still.

The Day of Birth.

"My Journal for 1803," says MRS. SHERWOOD, 1775-1851, the authoress of *The Little Woodman, etc.*, contains this prayer for my first child, Mary Henrietta, 'Oh! my God, most earnestly I pray Thee to make this sweet child Thine Own. I ask not riches, nor grandeur, nor beauty, nor fame, nor worldly happiness for this my babe; but I ask of Thee most earnestly, oh Lord! that she may hereafter dwell among Thy saints. Oh! my God, hear the prayer of Thy poor servant, for my Saviour's sake.' After the birth of my babe, on the joy of her bestowal to us, her father, then Paymaster of the 53rd Regiment, who had up to that time disregarded all thoughts of a future state, came to me and doubled my happiness and gratitude to God, by saying, in the moment of his thankfulness, that he would read the Bible to me every day. And from thenceforward this promise was kept."

'Tis an infant's birth,
. . . . . Men cut free their souls
From care in such a case, fly up in thanks
To God, reach, recognise His love for once.

—*Browning's The Ring and the Book.*

After the entry of the birth of BARON BUNSEN, the distinguished German diplomatist and scholar, 25 August, 1711, his father wrote this prayer: "O God, guide him by Thy grace, and let him grow up in Thy love and fear and in all virtue, to the joy of His parents. Amen. Henrich Christian Bunsen."

He made of one every nation of men . . . . having determined the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek God. —Acts 17, 26, R.V.

THE friend who sent me these kindly lines about a Day School in South Africa sent with them a photograph of a number of the pupils and some of their mothers, in the hope that it might interest our young readers to see the portraits of some of their unknown brothers and sisters who are stretching out their hands to God in Ethiopia.

It is a humbling thought that less than two generations ago a young lady, Prudence Crandall, was arrested in one of the chief cities in the United States, and put in prison, for teaching coloured children.

A South-African Day School.

It must be very nice to be
Not Black but Scotch;
To know about the things we see
In "Morning Watch."

As yet we are just rather small
To understand
Just everything, like you who call
Your home Scotland.

But some day when that little Tot
Finds "where Time goes,"
And when "The Little Postman's"
got
Letters like those

You write about, they'll not forget
To tell us through

"The Morning Watch" what Time has let
Each of them do.

And though we're Black and you are White,
You're just our size:

Like you we'll try to do what's right
Be good, and wise.

W. A. R.

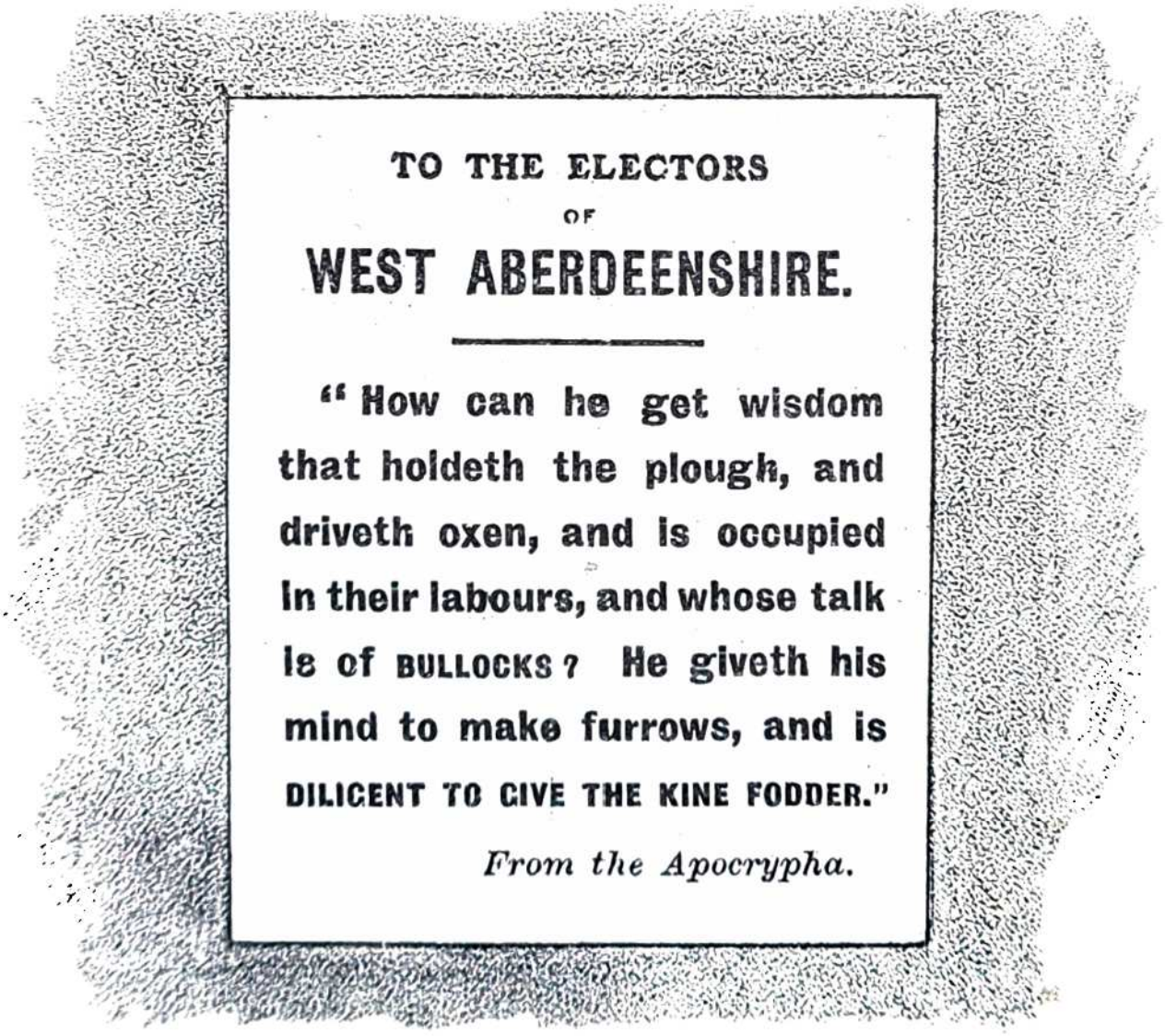
Johannesburg, 10th October, 1905.

To the law and to the testimony! If they speak not according to this word, surely there is no morning for them.—Isaiah 8, 20 R.V.

Howbeit what saith the Scripture? Gal. 430.

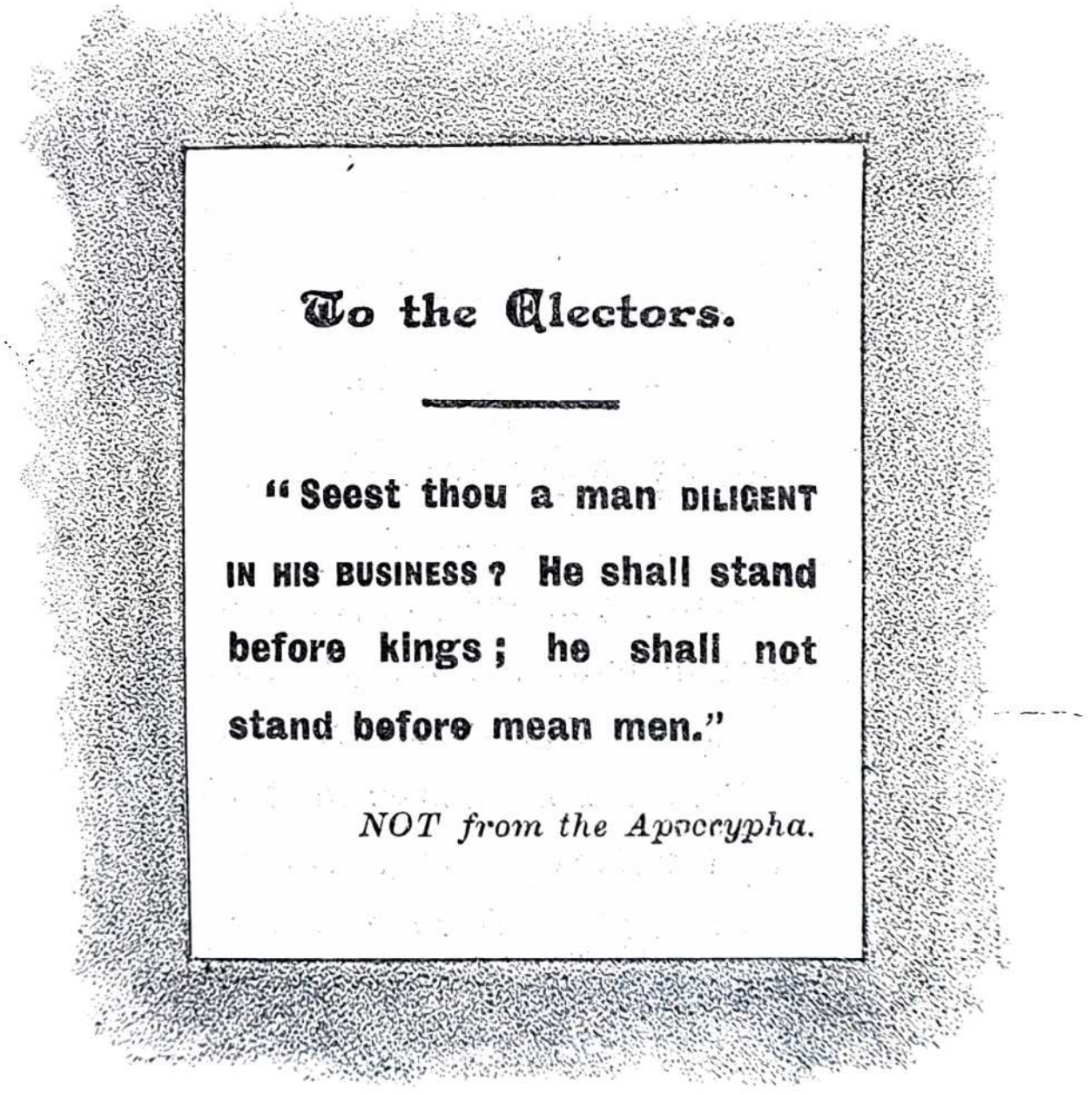
At a Parliamentary election in Aberdeenshire, thirty-four years ago, one of the candidates was Mr. William MacCombie, of Tillyfour, 1805-1880, a man whose name is still remembered with honour. He had a University education, but refused to follow any calling but that of his father, a farmer. In 1840 he began to rear black-polled Aberdeen-Angus cattle and founded the herd, all descended from an ancient northern breed, that is still associated with his name. He won, in his time, over 500 great prizes, the greatest of them being the champion prize offered at the Paris Exhibition for the best group of "meat-making" cattle. Sixty different varieties from all countries were entered for the competition. Mr. Mac Combie came out first with a group of five plump black polls. In 1867, when the late Queen visited his estate to inspect his herd, he was able to show her 400 head. I hope she did not covet them, but the temptation must have been very great!

On the morning of the day of the election huge bills were posted up by his opponents with these words on them:

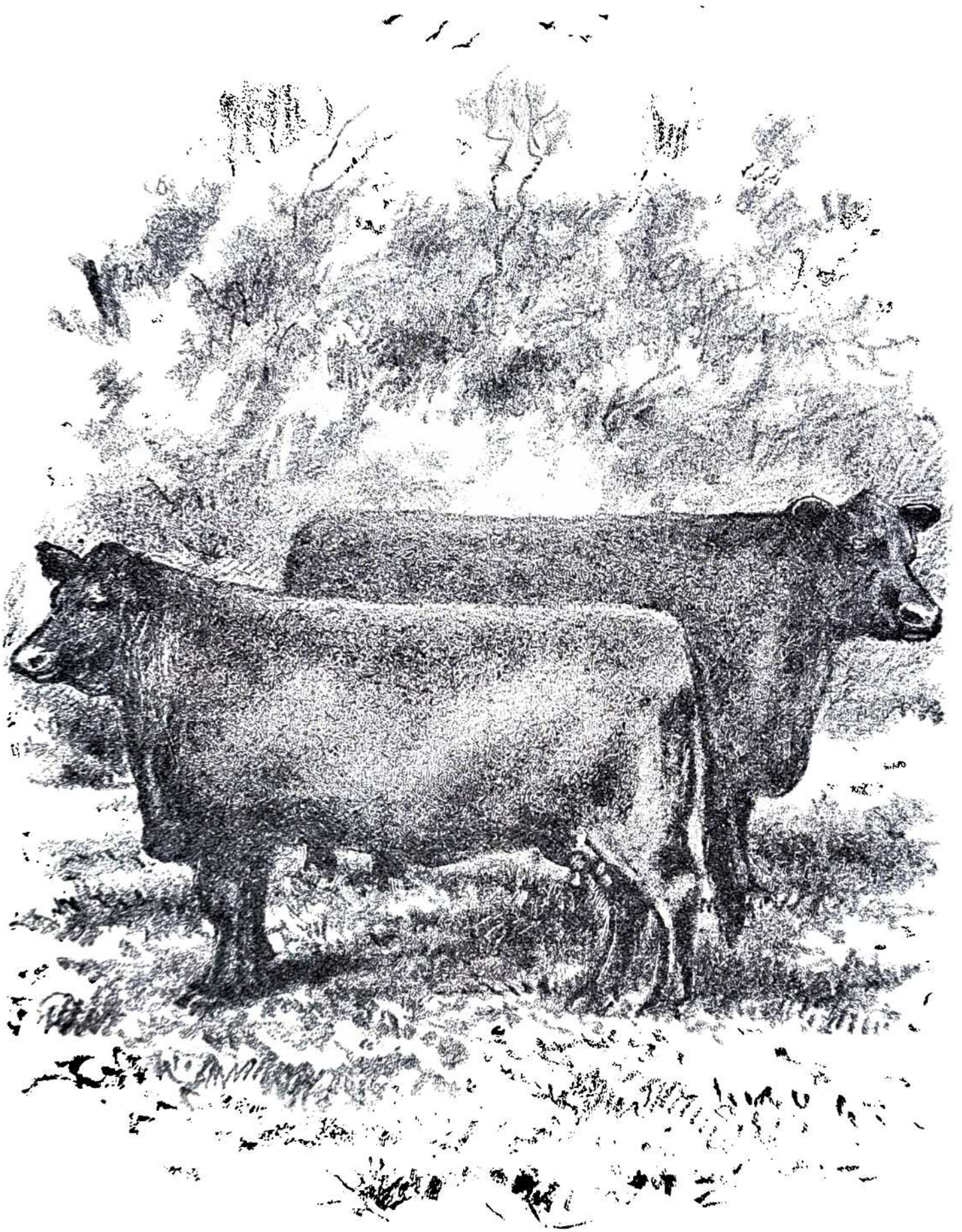


The "Apocrypha" are fourteen books found in the Septuagint or Greek Version of the Old Testament. They are not in the Hebrew Canon. The Roman Catholic Church accepts them as sacred, and the Church of England allows them a definite, though secondary, place. Thus, for example, when the National Bible Society offered the late Archbishop Temple a beautiful copy of the Bible to be used at the King's Coronation, he refused it because the Apocrypha was not bound up with it. The Westminster Confession of Faith, I hope I need hardly tell you, speaks of the Apocrypha as "of no authority."

Within an hour or two, close by every one of these posters there was set up another, written by a wiser and a cleverer man, a member of Mr. MacCombie's committee, and what it said was this :



Yes, "Not from the Apocrypha" is good !



Aberdeen-Angus Cattle.

The inheritance shall be ours!—Mark 12, 7.

AN English traveller who visited Jaffa, that is Joppa, on his way to Jerusalem sixty years ago, tells in his book how he and his companions were tricked by the owner of a garden.

The soil in that neighbourhood is wonderfully fertile, but only on condition of its being richly watered. The roads were very dusty and lay between dull mud walls on whose other side were lovely gardens. On their journey they came, he says, to a place where there was a sort of pump handle with a spout on the side of the road, and read with great delight, for they were choking with thirst, an Arabic inscription to this effect, "Come and drink, O thirsty ones, here is sweet water." They seized the handle of the well accordingly, and as they worked it they could hear the rushing gurgling sound of abundance of water. But all that came up to the spout was a tiny trickle. They worked harder and the sound increased, but with no greater result to them. Can you guess the reason? The proprietor of the garden had so arranged matters, by means of an ingenious division in the shaft of the well, that the passer-by got only the smallest fraction of the water he raised, and the garden got all the rest! The owner, no doubt, sat smoking and chuckling on the other side of the wall, admiring his own cleverness in turning every traveller into an unpaid slave.

Sometimes, when we are young, we think that God acts like that owner, reaping where He did not sow, and gathering where He did not straw, taking all He can from us, and giving nothing in return. But—wait a little! He is not unmindful of your labour of love. He that watereth shall be watered also himself. He asks us, as Elijah did the widow, to bake Him a little cake first, but He adds a great promise the next moment. He is a good Master. He asks us to water and till His garden in faith and love; we do it, and then, when the harvest comes, we find that He has made us joint-proprietors with Himself and with His Son. The garden is our own!

Reasons for not going to Church. 11th Series.—No. 1.

This Young Woman, who is employed in a Fishmonger's and "just loves" her work, left her last church because no one took any notice of her, and is going to leave the one she joined because an old elder, who sits two seats in front of her on the opposite side of the passage, will insist on shaking hands with her twice every Sabbath, and his hands are always "so cold and clammy."

1	F	Jesus said unto Simon, Thou gavest Me no kiss.—*Luke 7, 45.*
2	S	Thomas said unto Him, My Lord and my God.—*John 20, 28.*
3	S	What do ye more than others?—*Matt. 5, 47.* "Shall we make a new rule of life from to-night: always to try to be a little kinder than is necessary?" —*Mr. Barrie's Little White Bird*
4	M	Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.—*v. 41.*
5	Tu	Good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over.
6	W	And ye shall be the children of the Highest:
7	Th	For He is kind unto the unthankful.—*Luke 6, 35-38.*
8	F	Say not, Come again, and to-morrow I will give.—*Prov. 3, 28,*
9	S	A blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.—*Mal. 3, 10.*
10	S	Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe.
11	M	And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the man!—*John 19, 5.*
12	Tu	Holy garments.—*Ex. 31, 10,*
13	W	Sanctify the people, and let them wash their clothes.—*Ex. 19, 10.*
14	Th	And the Angel said unto me, Stand upon thy feet.—*Ezek. 2, 1.*
15	F	Walk as children of light.—*Eph. 5, 8.*
16	S	Gird thyself, and bind on thy sandals. And so he did.—*Acts 12, 8.* "He was horrified at a story that spoke of him as untidy and slovenly. 'If I had only an old rag to cover me,' he said, 'I should wear it with neatness and propriety and the utmost distinction.'"—*Life of J. M. Whistler.*
17	S	Rising up a great while before day, Jesus went out, and prayed.—*Mark 1, 35.*
18	M	Mary Magdalene cometh early, when it was yet dark.—*John 20. 1,*
19	Tu	The Angel said, He is not here: for He is risen.—*Matt. 28, 6.*
20	W	The Lord said unto Moses, Be ready in the morning.—*Ex. 34, 2.*
21	Th	A householder went out early to hire labourers.—*Matt. 20, 1.*
22	F	Dreaming, lying down, loving to slumber.—*Is. 56, 10 R.V.*
23	S	A perpetual sleep.—*Jer 51, 57.* "Gowen Evans of Lincoln College was able, but indolent. His friends had almost to drag him out of bed on one of the days when he was trying for his degree. I remember the laughter which arose when a tradesman's cart drove up to the College gate with 'A feather bed for Mr. Evans.'"—*A. J. Church's Memories of Men and Books.*
24	S	God commanded me to make haste.—*2 Chron. 35, 21.*
25	M	Jesus said, Zacchaeus, make haste. And he made haste.—*Luke 19, 5.*
26	Tu	The living creatures ran and returned as the appearance of a flash of lightning. —*Ezek. 1, 14.* "The first lieutenant of the Andromache, Archibald Read, a wise, cool, courageous man, wrote in the 'watch-bills' of us midshipmen six rules. I remember four: Never take grog; Never smoke; Always touch your cap to a superior officer on duty; and Always *run* when he calls you."—*Captain Montague Burrows, R.N., Fellow of All Souls, Oxford.*
27	W	Immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood.—*Gal. 1, 16.*
28	Th	Mark uses Εὐθέως, eutheos, "straightway," "forthwith," 37 times.
29	F	Lot lingered.—*Gen. 19, 16.*
30	S	The King's business required haste.—*1 Sam. 21, 8.*
31	S	Make no tarrying, O my God.—*Ps. 40, 17.*

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February, 1909. One Halfpenny

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* NO. 2.

"A Good Man's Footsteps."

"Have you seen old Mr. Orchardson pass this way, my dear?"

"No Ma'am, but I'm sure he hasn't, for I saw a lot of orange skins on the pavement, and HE ALWAYS KNOCKS THEM OFF."

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How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings.—Is. 51, 7.

ONE day in November, forty-five years ago, the Governors of Charterhouse, one of the most famous of English Schools, were met in London to choose a new Headmaster. One of the candidates was Dr. William Haig Brown, a distinguished Cambridge scholar, who died in 1907. When he left his house that morning to learn his fate, he said to his wife, "If I am appointed I shall take a cab; if not, I suppose I shall come home in an omnibus." Some hours afterwards, his wife, sitting at the window with her babe on her knee, saw to her great joy a hansom swinging round the corner and her husband in it. When he set out for home, after he was told he had been chosen, he took a cab, but the horse was so old and weary and slow that he paid and dismissed its driver, and hailed a sprightlier conveyance. He could not keep the good news to himself one moment longer than was necessary. They who have glad tidings to tell should, like angels, fly swiftly.

To *make* good news is even better than to *tell* it, and that is what every one of us can do. Take hold of Christ and in one moment you will make not only all your friends on earth, but all the saints in heaven, all the angels, and God Himself happy and that for ever.

Sometimes we say there is no use writing about such and such a thing to-night, it's too late, it's past posting-time, the letter would only lie in the box till 9 o'clock to-morrow. Not so with any message that we have for God. Our words to Him, like His to us, run very speedily.

Might not you and I send Him a message now—before we do another thing?

Concerning Birthdays.

So teach us to number our days, that we may get us an heart of wisdom.—Psalm 90, 12.

The Day of Birth.

In the January *Morning Watch* I told you how Tennyson addressed his new-born son Hallam. He wrote that same day to Mrs. Browning: "I have seen beautiful things in my life, but I never saw anything more beautiful than the mother's face, so radiant with all high and sweet expression, as she lay by the young child an hour or two after, or heard anything sweeter than the little lamb-like bleat of the young

The Day of Birth.

one. I had fancied that children after birth had been all shriek and roar, but he gave out a little note of satisfaction every now and then, as he lay by his mother, which was the most pathetic sound in its helplessness I ever listened to." In her reply Mrs. Browning said: "How deeply I sympathize in her happiness, with the memory of all that ecstasy as I felt it myself, still thrilling through me. And there are barbarians in the world who dare to call the new little creatures not pretty, ugly even!" And this is what her husband Robert Browning said: "I can't help saying how happy I am in your happiness, and in the assurance that it is greater than even you can quite know yet."

When a Kaffir child is born all the boys and girls of the kraal hasten to greet the new baby. They bring the most strangely unsuitable presents, imagining that the baby has an interest in all things equal to their own. Thus the children run and get their choicest dolls—sorry creatures at the best—bangles, pretty stones, clay oxen, tobacco pipes, knob-berries, and old pieces of food; they rout out their bags which do duty for pockets, and select everything they value most, and so present to the baby the most absurd assortment of rubbish conceivable. Then they smother it with kisses, and call it all the names of affection they can think of, pointing out to the onlookers the diminutiveness of the fingers and toes, and praising every aspect of its beauty. They beg to be allowed to nurse it just for a few moments, and literally dance for joy in the presence of the child.

"But a Kaffir child has but one birthday in its lifetime. Having no method of identifying the year, much less the day of the year, the natives in South Africa cannot keep the anniversaries of their birthdays. It is difficult for any one but a child to realise how vast is this loss to the imagination. . . . All those perennial and brooding fancies that centre round the next birthday, which play such a large part in the lives of European children, are unknown to the Kaffirs, who are thus deprived by a single stroke of one of the supreme joys of childhood. The loss is absolute and unredeemed."—*Savage Childhood, by Dudley Kidd.*

1st Birthday.

HELEN KELLER, the American authoress, now in her thirtieth year, who lost her sight and hearing when she was 19 months old, tells us in her Autobiography that the beginning of her life was much like every other little life. "I came, I saw, I conquered, as the first baby in the family always does. . . . They tell me I walked the day I was a year old. My mother had just taken me out of the bath-tub and was holding me in her lap, when I was suddenly attracted by the flickering shadows of leaves that danced in the sunlight on the smooth floor. I stepped from my mother's lap and almost ran toward them. The impulse gone, I fell down and cried for her to take me up in her arms."

Corp Shiach, the ticket-collector at Thrums Railway Station—nicknamed Corp when he was a boy because he took fits and lay like one dead—rushed to Grizel's house when his first baby was born, and cried,

1st Birth-day.

"Grizel, there's somebody come to Thrums without a ticket!"

When his little son was twelve months old, Corp, who had been learning to write, and had found it harder on the wrists than the heaviest luggage, determined to send him his first attempt at letter-writing, and wrote as follows: "My dear sir, I send you these few scrapes to tell you as you have found a way to be a year of age the morn. All tickets ready in which Gavinia joins so no more at present I am, sir, your obedt father Corp Shiach."—*Mr. Barrie's Tommy and Grizel.*

A RHYME OF ONE.

You sleep upon your mother's breast,
Your race begun,
A welcome, long a wish'd for Guest,
Whose age is One.

A Baby-boy, you wonder why
You cannot run;
You try to walk—how hard you try!
You're only One.

—*F. Locker-Lampson's London Lyrics.*

"He understood one word, namely, his nurse's name, when he was seven months old. At exactly the age of a year he made the great step of inventing his first word, a word for food, namely, *Mum*, but what led him to do it I did not discover. And now, instead of beginning to cry when he was hungry, he used this word in a demonstrative manner or as a verb, implying, 'Give me food.' He gave it a most sharply marked interrogatory sound at the end."—*A Biographical Sketch of an Infant, by Charles Darwin.*

Snowdrops.

In Germany the Snowdrop is called Schneeglöckchen, Little Snowbell.

And beneath upon the hem of the robe of the ephod thou shalt make pomegranates of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet; and bells of gold between them round about. And it shall be upon Aaron.—Ex. 28, 33.

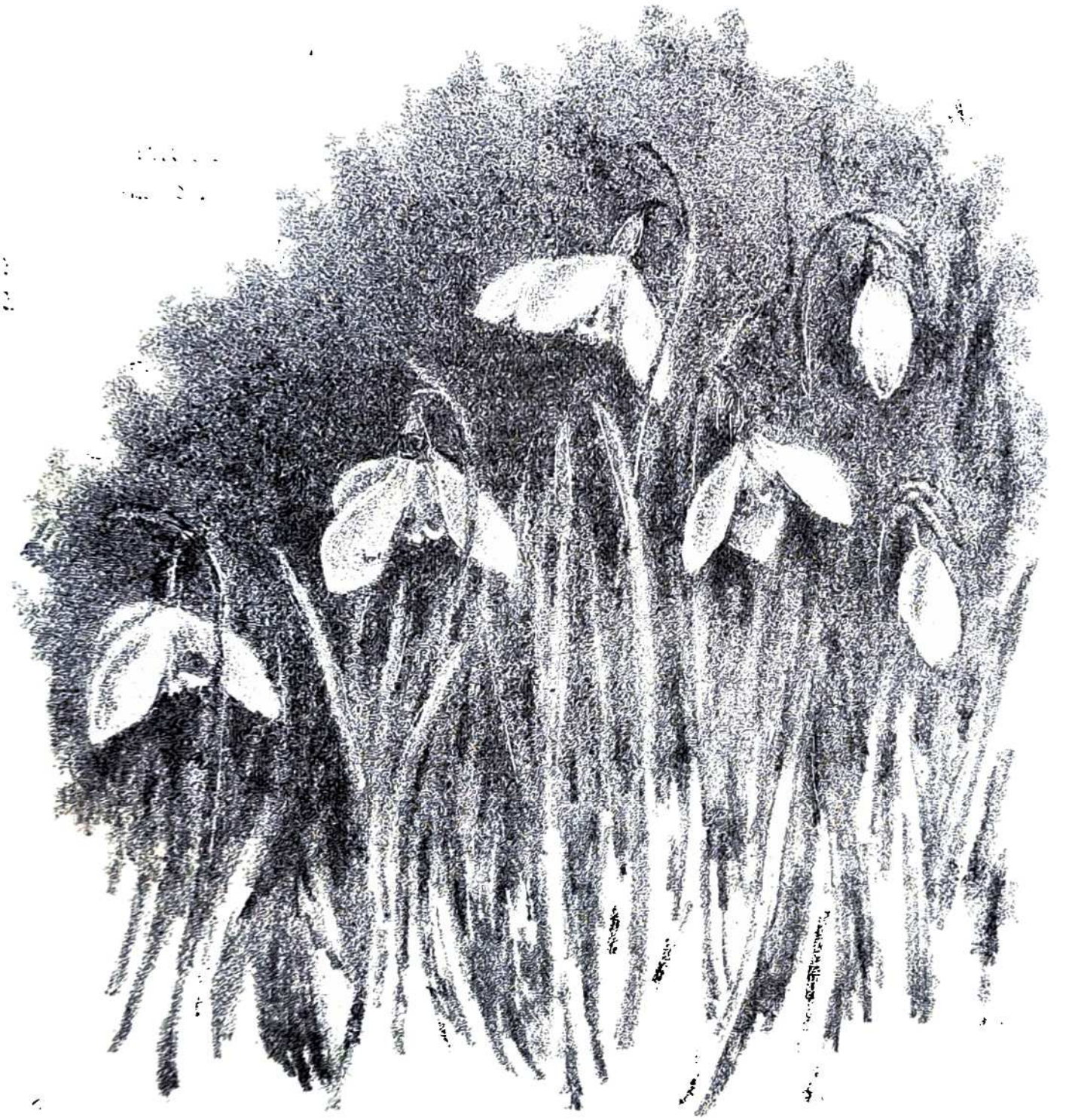
Moreover, his mother made him a little robe, and brought it to him from year to year.—1 Sam. 2, 19. R.V.

The Earth, like Hannah, each year brings
Love-offerings,
And, Samuel-like, her Lord receives
The robe she weaves.

Her broideries begin betimes
With Snow-bell chimes.

Each circling month brings bud and flower
In plenteous dower,
Working in softest sheen and shade
One rich brocade.

Welcome, sweet Snow-bells! ye are "fair
And debonair."



Welcome! pledge of the gladsome year,
When days are drear.

Thrice welcome! for in touching them
We touch His hem!

Girls' Names.

And her neighbours and her cousins called the child after the name of his father. And his mother answered, and said, Not so.—Luke 1, 59.

THE Rev. Henry Paton, M.A., has lately edited and published, under the sanction of Sir Stair

Agnew, Registrar-General for Scotland, a little book* containing the names of those who were married and baptized, chiefly by one minister, amongst the Cameronians, or Covenanters, or, as they were afterwards called, Reformed Presbyterians, between the years 1706 and 1751. The men and boys mentioned in it number, roughly speaking, about 1700, the women and girls about 1000. It is about the Christian names of the latter that I wish to say a few words.

There are fashions in names as there are fashions in clothes and in the modes of dressing one's hair. Some fashions last for centuries, some for a generation, and some for one short season. Some, once tried, are dropped for ever, while others come back again every now and then.

Amongst these Cameronians two hundred years ago I find fifty-three different Christian names for men, and the commonest then, as in Scotland to this day, are John, James, William, Robert, Thomas, and Alexander. The girls' names number only thirty-six. One boy in every four was a John, so one girl in every five was a Janet, or, as it is often spelt, Jonet. The Janets in modern times, though still plentiful, have lost their pride of place, and have given way to the Margarets and Marys.

Counting one by one, like Ecclesiastes, to find out the account, among these 1000 girls this is what one finds:

Janet	187	Bethia	13
Jean	144	Christina	9
Margaret	138	Rebecca	9
Mary	105	Barbara	6
Agnes	73	Martha	6
Elizabeth	60	Beatrice	4
Marion	50	Christian	4
Isobel	46	Susan	3
Helen	43	Nicolas	3
Catherine	25	Lillias	3
Grizel	20	Rachel	3
Sarah	19	Dorothy	2
Elspeth	17	Giles	2
Hannah or Anna	14	Frances	2
Ann	14	Anaple	2

Besides these there is one Alison, one Euphan or Euphemia, one Esther, one Rosina, one Jullie or Julia, and one Honora or Honorat. There are also two Blanches in the book, but as their names do not occur amongst the marriages or baptisms, but only amongst the poor to whom charity was given, I think I shall put them down, in spite of their Scottish surnames, as Englishwomen, with the proviso that, if anything specially good should be found out about them, we shall reconsider their claims to be called Scotch—favourably! It may be they are the very noblest in all that great company.

There are only three of those names that are not amongst the 123 that were spoken about in *The Morning Watch*, month by month, from January, 1899, to December, 1908. These three are Gills or Giles, which also occurs as the name of a boy, Anaple, and—Mary! Anaple is the old Scots form of

*Printed by Lorimer & Chalmers, 31 St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, 1908.

Anabella. King Robert III., the great-grandson of Robert the Bruce, had an Anaple Drummond for his wife. One of the best known Cameronian surnames, almost to our own day, was that of Umpherston, and Anaple Umpherston, the name of a baby in the Register, makes a fine mouth-filling combination.

It may have seemed strange to some of you that I passed over the name Mary in the list of Women's Names. On a stone in the wall of one of the Quadrangles of Balliol College at Oxford there are the words :

FISHER
NON AMPLIUS

—that is to say, the name of Fisher is enough, there is no need of anything further. Even so, when one thinks of that Mary who first welcomed our Lord into this world when He came to work out our redemption, and of that other Mary who first welcomed Him from the grave when He had finished it, surely there is no need to add another word. To say *Mary* is enough.

Behold the birds of the heaven, that they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are not ye of much more value than they?—Matt. 6, 26.

WHEN Mr. John Addington Symonds, the critic, was a child, he tells us in his *Autobiography*, he once brought some confusion on his elder sisters at a children's party. Thinking himself neglected at table, he pointed to a cake, and said, "I never ask, but I points." A little bird said the very same thing to me the other day.

I had often heard that the Tomtit, or Titmouse, or Blue Cap—for it has all these *aliases* and others besides—dearly loves a cocoa-nut. If one wishes cocoa-nuts, however, one must not wait till December to buy them, and that unfortunately was what I did year after year. "The Fair-time is the time for them," the shopkeepers told me with a smile, and I alas! was always too late for the Fair. But the year before last I remembered my old resolve in time, though just in time, for October had come, and carried one home one day in triumph. When the first frosts came I sawed off its ends, and hung it up under a little arch made by two laburnum trees, and then waited impatiently for the guests, of whose existence I knew as little as I did of their whereabouts. One day passed—no tits. Two days passed—no tits. Three days—no sign of them, till the late afternoon, and there they were, hurrah! male and female, after their kind.

This winter I was wiser, though not much, and laid in a stock of three in September. Fancy that—three whole cocoa-nuts, and all at once! Anyone who saw me buy them might well have thought I lived on nothing else, yet the last of the three was only the fourth I have bought in my life.

When the frost came for a morning or two, eight weeks ago, I again prepared a feast for the birds. No need to wait this time for tardy or unwilling guests. In two-and-a-half

hours there they were, in all the glory of their yellow, green, and blue apparel, like a little king Ahasuerus bringing his queen Vashti to the banquet, eager to show her beauty.

As the days and weeks went on one could see the kernel gradually disappearing. The tits, when they came, no longer clung outside the door, but went bodily inside to eat the flooring and the roofing of their tiny banquet-hall. Soon all but the last fragments disappeared.

One has seen a boy, forgetful for the moment of his manners, ostentatiously scraping his plate or draining his cup to show his mother that he would fain ask for more, and so it was with these hungry birds, only in a dainty well-bred way. They would peer into the hollow nut, one at a time, and look round—with an eye to any possible beholder—as much as to say, "Come and see this here celestial ball, and list to the murmur of the shell, for Vashti and I have thoroughly polished the beams and made them resonant, and the house is now swept and garnished; come and see how clean, and, how, ahem! convex and concave it is!"

An appeal like that, one could not, of course, resist. One of these late wild mornings, when the sun shone out for a moment or two between the blasts of sleet and hail, I ran out a little four-foot pole from the window with a fresh nut dangling from the end. And this time, in less than four minutes there was little Vashti! Like a good housewife she had come out marketing and found a new source of supplies. Out-stripping all explorers she had not only discovered the pole, but a new undreamt of world revolving round it. Taking but two pecks, as a sample of its produce, she hastened, unlike Vashti, to her lord and master.

"King Ahasuerus! live for ever!"

"What are you wanting now, Vashti?"

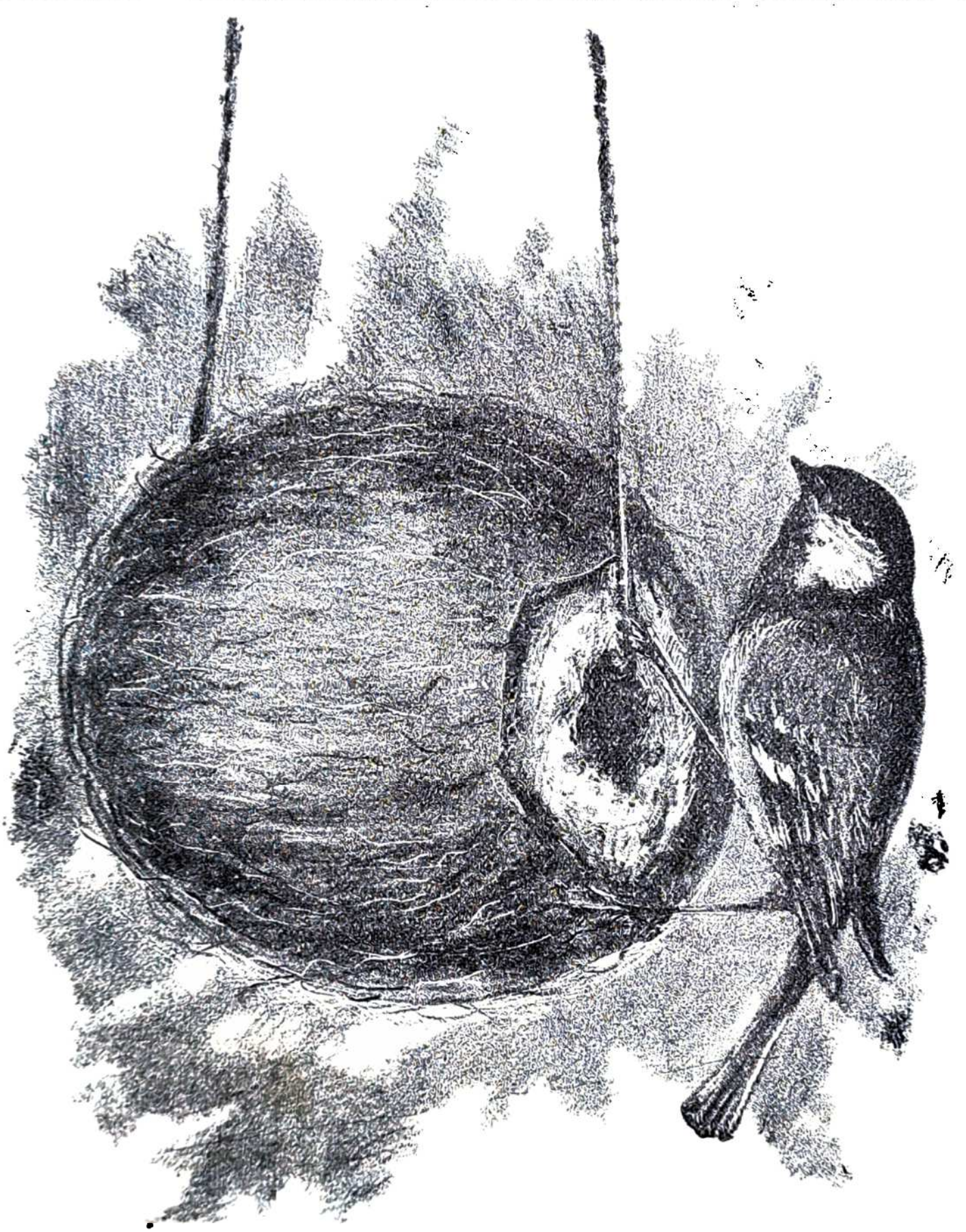
"I'm not wanting anything. I've found something. Something good for food, and pleasant to the eyes, and a thing to be desired to make one wise. Guess!"

"A caterpiller?"

"No, you stup—endously great king, but a whole new cocoa-nut!"

"Consider yourself a prisoner here, till I come back," was all he said.

And there presently was the king himself. And he couldn't deny that it was a cocoa-nut, and a charming one, and such a lovely russet-colour, too, as made the other empty nut look like an old sodden leathern bag. But whether he took the end of a binocular for the muzzle of a double-barrelled gun, or feared the face of the clock, or disliked the titles of some of the books—for all these things he could see through the window—or whether the vibration of the pole distressed him, for there is as much difference between that and the spring of a tree as there is between the sweet motion of a sailing ship and the quiver of a torpedo boat—which of all these things alarmed him, I say I do not know. But neither he nor she came back for long. Only he came after



a time, and, affecting to be busy with the old nut, watched the new one in search of developments. Then, late in the day, he bravely tried the new one once more, and being satisfied went home as hastily

as a king may who never forgets his dignity. Then he held out the golden sceptre, metaphorically, to Queen Vashti in token that she was restored to favour. And from that hour to this, they take their turns at the nut, each pleased to come and as pleased to go.

Did I tell you that, like all Eastern potentates, Ahasuerus is a dreamer? He had a great dream two nights ago.

He dreamt he saw Four Beetles. The first was very brown and very thin, such as he never saw for thinness. The second was thin too, but not quite so thin. The third was fat and well favoured and rich coloured, yet even as he looked at it, it seemed to pine and waste away. But the fourth was the largest and fattest and blackest beetle he had ever seen, and it galloped like a motor car.

He awoke in consternation. Then he roused poor little Vashti, told her his dream, and added, "And if you don't tell me the interpretation of it before the last star disappears, "I'll peck you into tit-bits!"

Vashti lay quaking for a little, her feathers all on end, but in two minutes she looked up and smiled, and said: "That is a wonderful dream. I don't know any other bird that has such dreams as you."

"Quite true," he said; "but that is not the point. You are trying to gain time. Tell me the meaning of it. And quickly. I see but three stars now. The sands are running out."

Then his little Queen made haste to answer: "The Four Beetles are Four Cocoa-nuts. The first that lay upon its back, and was so thin it was nothing but a shell, is the nut we ate long long ago, that is now dried up and empty. The second is the nut we got two moons ago. The third which pined and wasted is that which we now enjoy from day to day. And the fourth which was black and fat and flew like a Panhard motor car is a nut we are to get—the biggest and sweetest one you ever saw—when our present one is done, one that shall last us, if all is well, till the Spring time and the caterpillers come again."

And Vashti was quite right! But wasn't it very clever of her?

Reasons for not going to Church. 11th Series.—No. 2.

"I told the minister that you could get a place if we had a line from him saying we were both 'honest, sober, and industrious;' and he said he couldn't say that. So I told him I had walked two miles through the snow, and I thought it very hard that he wouldn't do a little thing like that for us. He said his housekeeper would give me a cup of tea, but I said it wasn't tea I came for, all I wanted was a line to say we were 'honest, sober, and industrious.' He said he was sorry we came so seldom to church after all the promises we had made to him. But I just told him plainly we would come seldomer in future."

1	M	Give no occasion of stumbling.—*1 Cor. 10, 32. R. V.* "I called on Dr. Cradock of Coventry in my trouble. Now as we were walking together in his garden, the alley being narrow, I chanced in turning to set my foot on the side of a bed, at which the man was in a rage as if his house had been on fire. Thus all our discourse was lost."—*George Fox's Journal, 1646.*
2	Tu	Is it a time to receive oliveyards? vineyards?—*2 Kings 5, 26.*
3	W	Dead flies cause the ointment to send forth a stinking savour.—*Eccl. 10, 1.*
4	Th	Moses spake unadvisedly.—*Ps. 106, 33.*
5	F	We are ambassadors on behalf of Christ.—*2 Cor. 5, 20. R. V.*
6	S	Let not those that seek Thee be brought to dishonour through me.—*Ps. 69, 6. R. V.*
7	S	The prince of this world hath nothing in Me.—*John 14, 30.*
8	M	He made a show of principalities and powers.—*Col. 2, 15.*
9	Tu	God always leadeth us in triumph in Christ.—*2 Cor. 2, 14. R. V.*
10	W	Let not mine enemies triumph over me.—*Ps. 25, 2.*
11	Th	There shall not an hoof be left behind.—*Ex. 10, 26.* "I won't leave the Russians one old English broken gun for a lamp post."—*Sir W. Codrington writing to Lord Panmure when leaving the Crimea in 1856.*
12	F	Thanks be to God which giveth us (us is emphatic) the victory.—*1 Cor. 15, 57.*
13	S	Bringing into captivity every thought.—*2 Cor. 10, 5.*
14	S	If the Lord be God, follow Him.—*1 Kings 18, 21.*
15	M	No man can serve two masters.—*Matt. 6, 24.*
16	Tu	What concord hath Christ with Belial?—*2 Cor. 6, 15.*
17	W	Neither give place to the devil.—*Eph. 4, 27.* "I see two parts (of the church's property) freely given to the devil, and the third maun be divided betwixt God and the devil. Well, bear witness to me, that this day I say it, or it be long the devil shall have three parts of the third, and judge you then what God's portion shall be."—*John Knox.*
18	Th	I am Thine, save me.—*Ps. 119, 94.*
19	F	The God of peace Himself sanctify you wholly.—*1 Thess. 5, 23. R. V.*
20	S	And may your spirit and soul and body be preserved entire, without blame.
21	S	Behold, the Tabernacle of God is with men—*Rev. 21, 3,*
22	M	The Word dwelt among us.—*John 1, 14.*
23	Tu	The Lord Jesus went in and went out amongst us.—*Acts 1, 21. R. V.*
24	W	See My hands and My feet; handle Me.—*Luke 24, 39. R. V.*
25	Th	He interpreted to them the things concerning Himself.—*v. 27. R. V.*
26	F	We beheld His glory.—*John 1, 14.* "Those three years of companionship with His chosen apostles were, so to speak, a long Emmaus journey." *The Spirit in the Word, by the Rev. David M. M'Intyre.*
27	S	Behoved it not the Christ to suffer these things?—*Luke 24, 26.*
28	S	Thou, Bethlehem, though thou be little, yet out of thee shall come forth He that is to be Ruler of Israel.—*Micah 5, 2.* "The end of the little Month, shorter than his brothers, as if he had no heels to his boots. Farewell, little fellow.—*Longfellow's Journal, 28th February, 1859.*

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April, 1909. One Halfpenny

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* NO. 4.

"Oh Bessie Ann! Bessie Ann! Here's the Primroses! Here's the Primroses! and there's Hundreds and Hundreds o' them!"

Now Ready. "THE MORNING WATCH" for 1908, Vol. XXI. Price, One Shilling.

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For behold, this selfsame thing, that ye were made sorry after a godly sort, what earnest care it wrought in you, yea, what clearing of yourselves, yea, what indignation, yea, what zeal, yea, what avenging!—2 Cor. 7, 11.

IN a book lately published, *My School and my Gospel*, Sir Hubert von Herkomer, C.V.O., R.A., well-known for his picture of Chelsea Pensioners called *The Last Muster*, has given an account of a School for Art Students which he founded and equipped, and carried on for many years, at Bushey, 14 miles north of London. His great aim was to help young painters to find out "their own personality," that is, their own special gifts and powers. He charged no fees, though the School, one way and another, meant an income to the village of over £10,000 a year.

At the close of his book he tells with great delight an incident which showed how severely the students could criticise and judge and condemn themselves.

At the end of one of the terms they collected all the bad "studies"—that is, sketches and drawings—they had made. They heaped them up in the garden adjoining the school, and at twilight, after solemnly pouring turpentine and petroleum on them, set fire to their failures. Then, joining hands, they danced around the blazing bonfire, shouting and singing like demented creatures, feeling a fierce joy in destroying the work that was a tell-tale of their incapacity!

There are some things, the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews tells us, "*whose end is to be burned*," and does not Paul tell us in 1st Corinthians that if we "discerned" ourselves we should not need to be judged and condemned by others?

Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 29.)

3rd Birthday.

"David struck 3 and went into knickerbockers. The faces of mothers are a clock in which you may read the ages of their young. When he is 3 they are said to wear the knickerbocker face, and you may take it from me that Mary assumed that face with a sigh; fain would she have kept her boy a baby longer, but he insisted on his rights."—*The Little White Bird, by Mr. J. M. Barrie.*

3rd Birth-day.

In Tennyson's poem *The Ring* we have a reminiscence, told to her Father by a young lady named Miriam on the morning of her wedding-day, which was also the day on which she had come of age.

Miriam: Nurse said—perhaps indeed
She wandered, having wandered now so far
Beyond the common date of death—that you,
When I was smaller than the statuette
Of my dear Mother on your bracket here—
You took me to that chamber in the tower,
The topmost; a chest there, by which you knelt;
And there were books and dresses, left to me,
A ring too which you kissed, and I, she said,
I babbled, "Mother, Mother," as I used
To prattle to her picture, stretched my hands
As if I saw her.
Father: Garrulous old crone.
Miriam: Poor nurse!
Father: I bad her keep,
Like a sealed book, all mention of the ring,
For I myself would tell you all to-day.
I brought you to that chamber on your third
September birthday with your nurse, and stooped
To take and kiss the ring.
Miriam: This very ring
"I love thee"?
Father: Yes, for some wild hope was mine
That in my misery . . . . . .
Miriam your Mother might appear to me.

I wonder if mothers in heaven, specially those who have left babies behind them, remember their children's birthdays as unfailingly as mothers on earth do. Surely they must!

On the day on which Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-1879, the hymn-writer, was three years old, her sister Miriam made her a wreath of the pink roses which grew among the ivy on her father's rectory. On her fourth birthday her little maid brought her down after dinner to dessert crowned with a wreath of bay leaves. She was at that time able to read the Bible and any ordinary book distinctly, and had learned to write in round hand. Thirty-five years after, her father's assistant, the Rev. F. Jeffrey, addressed to her these lines:

Fanny, canst thou still remember
How of old they kept this day?
How they marked thy fourth December,
Crowning thee with wreath of bay?

Child belov'd, these leaves poetic
Hence shall aye to thee belong;
Wear them as a wreath prophetic
Of thy ministry of song.

Say not then thy task is ended;
Sing the lovely, pure, and true;
Sing, until thy verse is blended
With the song for ever new.

4th Birthday.

"Adam Dishart was drowned on his son Gavin's fourth birthday. He was blown off his smack in a storm, and could not reach the rope his partner flung him. 'It's no good, lad,' he shouted; 'so long, Jim,' and sank."—*The Little Minister.*

On June 22, 1841, Dr. Chalmers wrote from Burntisland to his grandson:

"My dear Tommy,—This is the longest day in all the year, and it is also the day of the year on which you were born. This day you are four years old, and we have not forgotten it.

"As you grow in years, you should grow in knowledge and understanding; but what is still better than this, you should grow in goodness, and pray every day that God would give you His Holy Spirit to make you good. . . . I am, my very dear Tom, your affectionate grandfather, Thomas Chalmers.

On the 15th April, 1847, Lady Lyttelton wrote this about the Princess Alice, second daughter of Queen Victoria: "Dear Princess Alice is too pretty in her low frock and pearl necklace, hopping about and blushing and smiling at her honours, this being her fourth birthday. The whole family, indeed, appear to advantage on birthdays; no tradesman or country squire can keep one with such hearty simple affection and enjoyment. *Our* present I think we shall wish to live further off—a live lamb all over pink ribbons and bells. He is already the greatest pet, as one may suppose. . . . The pet lamb is the cause of many tears. He will not take to his mistress, but runs away lustily, and will soon butt at her, though she is most coaxing, and said to him in her sweetest tones after kissing his nose, 'Milly, *dear* Milly, do you like me?'"

In the *Memorials of Charles Stoddard* of Boston. 1802-1872, there is given a letter to his grandson: "On your fourth birthday I send you this little line, to tell you that grandpa thinks of you, and prays God to keep you from all evil, and to make you His child.

"I send you a willow basket, strong and good, with a cover. When you carry peaches to a sick person, you will want the cover on. When you pick up shells and pebbles on the beach at Nahant, you will want the cover off."

Mr. Stoddard must have been a good sort of grandfather to have to judge by another letter to another grandson: "I shall be most happy to hear you recite perfectly the 55th chapter of Isaiah at four o'clock on the afternoon of the 24th. Sooner, if snow comes, and you are in a hurry for a blue sledge."

"My birthday occurred whilst I was at Pipe Grange, near Lichfield," says Mrs. Sherwood, 1775-1851, authoress of *Little Henry and his Bearer*, in her Autobiography. "I was then four years of age; and when I came down on the morning of that day, my grandfather, who was sitting by the fire in the parlour, put up his hand to a high mantel-shelf, and brought from thence a doll with a paper hood and wig of real flax. This was my birthday present, and made a long and deep impression on my heart. Oh! how did that good old man, Mr. Carey Butt, love and care for his children and his children's children."

4th Birthday.

In his *Diary*, under date 27 Nov., 1838, the late Duke of Cambridge, then aged 19, thus writes about the late Duchess of Teck, mother of the present Princess of Wales: "To-day is the birthday of my dear little sister Mary. God bless the little darling. I am sure I wish her every blessing and happiness this world can offer. She is four years old to-day. I can hardly believe it, for it appears to me but yesterday that she was born." And then, with that inability to choose the proper word when his feelings were moved that marked him all his days, he adds: "Dear little Pussy, Heaven preserve the Angel."

"The Symbolic Hen."

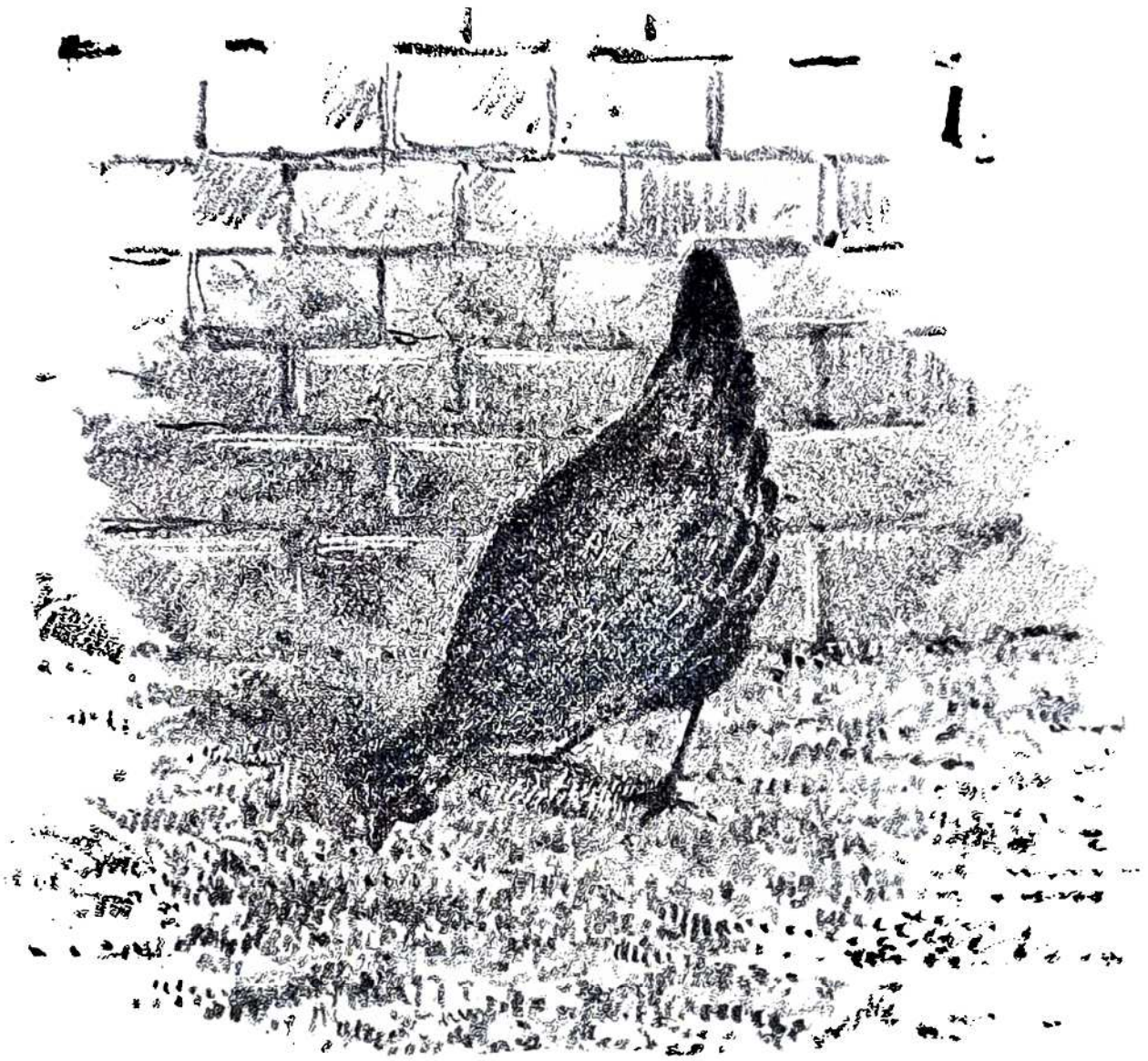
But ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee.—Job 12, 7.

THEY say that when Thomas Carlyle was visiting at Kirkcaldy in his old age, he was asked one night by his host, the late Provost Swan, to read the chapter at family worship. Opening the Bible at the Book of Job, a favourite book with him, he began at the first chapter and read on and on and on, chapter after chapter, till at last they thought it right to remind him that the maids had to be up early, and that he was keeping them out of their beds. I don't suppose he had reached the 12th chapter when they stopped him, but if he had, I wonder if that 7th verse recalled to him a thing that had happened in his own life more than fifty years before.

When he was about thirty years of age, and had still no settled plan in life, he happened to notice, as he stood looking out on the bit of green under his bedroom window in his London lodgings, a trim and rather pretty hen actively paddling about and picking up what food might be discoverable. "'See,' I said to myself,'" so he tells us in his *Reminiscences*, "'look, thou fool! Here is a two-legged creature with scarcely half a thimbleful of poor brains; thou call'st thyself a man with nobody knows how much brain, and reason dwelling in it; and behold how the one *life* is regulated and how the other.'" Then, still speaking to himself, he solemnly added, "'In God's Name concentrate, collect whatever of reason thou hast, and direct it on the one thing needful.'"

To that heavenly vision he was not disobedient, but forthwith, he tells us, began to "settle a good few things, taking counsel of that *symbolic* HEN!" He determined to renounce the paltry ambitions that had hitherto allured him on, as also the so-called "fine openings" and advices laid before him by bystanders and friends "*who didn't know.*" He went home to Annandale, resolved to fight the battle of his life in his own way; and how well he fought it from that hour all the world knows.

When one listens to his talk about that symbolic hen, one is tempted at first to smile, and to take it as simply an illustration of his vivid graphic way of putting things. Yet there have been many such leadings



and guidings in history, and in all our lives, too, if we but stirred up our memories.

Five-and-twenty years ago, when General Greely and his few surviving companions of the American Arctic Expedition were lying in their tent at the point of death, no food left and all hope gone, they suddenly heard a snow-bird chirping loudly on the roof. It was the first Sabbath in April, and the bird had come as the first harbinger of Spring. "All noise stopped as by magic and no word was said until the little bird had passed."

You know, too, how when Luther watched a bird tucking its head and one of its legs under its wing and so falling asleep upon the bough when night came on, he remembered God and stayed himself upon the promises. Nor can one forget the story of Jonah, and how the little worm that smote his gourd did even more to teach him the Almighty's love than the great fish had done that had carried him for three dark days and nights, through a hundred leagues of sea.

William Miller, who wrote, happy man! *Wee Willie Winkie*, gives us

a lesson from the hen in his lines called *Chuckie:*

Saw ye Chuckie wi' her chickies,
Scraping for them dainty pickies,
Keeking here and keeking there
Wi' a mother's anxious care
For a pick to fill their gebbies,
Or a drap to wet their nebbies?

And in another poem, *Cockie-leerie-la*, he bids us go to the school of Chanticleer himself:

Sae learn frae him to think nae shame
To work for what ye need,
For he that gapes till he be fed
May gape till he be deid.

And if ye live in idleness,
Ye'll find unto your cost
That they wha winna work in heat
Maun hunger in the frost.

And if you still doubt the existence or the power of that symbolic hen, what say you to the cock that crew on that darkest and most hopeless morning that ever was, the cock whose image from every steeple's top still calls to mind Christ's look and Peter's tears? Ay, and what say you to that other hour when a brooding hen was chosen as the very symbol of Emmanuel's love? "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

If thou art offering thy gift at the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.—
Matt. 5, 24.

I HAVE known two brothers, young men, who did not speak to each other for a whole twelvemonth, though they met four times at meals and twice at family worship every day.

I have known two boys at a public school in Scotland who attended the same classes, lived in the same house, and were the two quarter-backs in the First Fifteen Rugby football team, who refused to speak to each other even at their games, for at least two seasons.

And I have heard of two men, relatives, elders in the same congregation, who, owing to some family quarrel, kept a vow of silence for several years, and yet had the effrontery to sit down, and serve, at the same Communion Table all that time.

Now let me tell you a story a Hindu lady, Sunderbhai Powar of Poona, told me the other day about two young women in India. They were on the staff of a large Mission School, and had quarrelled because one of them had gone, without asking leave, into a storeroom of which

each kept the key month about in turn, for "the power of the keys" has ever been a fruitful cause of strife. And oh! they were very angry, and it grieved the others very much that there should be such bitterness amongst those who had been brought out of darkness into the love of their Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. It made them all so unhappy—there were about eighteen of them, all workers in the school—that next morning they made up their minds to spend their usual praying time at 10 o'clock in asking the Lord Jesus to make the two who had quarrelled beg each other's forgiveness. And they all prayed together earnestly, and in a little the two began to cry, and each asked the other to forgive her, and they were all so happy that they continued praying and praying till at last they stopped and said, "Now we must go to breakfast," thinking it would be only a little after half-past ten. But when they looked at the clock, it was half-past three!" They had had meat to eat that we who are born Christians know not of.

As might be expected in such a

home, the scholars like the teachers are all believers in the power of prayer.

Some of the children came to Sunderbhai one day and said, "There is no grain in the barrel."

"If there is no grain, then do not cook! and if there is no oil, then do not light the lamps!"

"And what shall we do?"

"Pray to the Lord Jesus to send grain."

And that the children forthwith proceeded to do, running round the barrel the one after the other, striking its resounding sides with their little rattans or bamboo-canes, saying, "Praise the Lord for the grain that is coming."

And sure enough it came, and came in time, as it had often come before in their hour of need.

The Best Commentators.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou established strength, because of Thine adversaries.—
Psalm 8, 2, R. V.

IT was Friday evening, and young Mr. Kilbirnie was in trouble over his sermon. His subject was the parable of the ten pounds, Luke 19, 11-28, and his difficulty was the 25th verse, "And he said unto them that stood by, take from him the pound, and give it to him that hath ten pounds. *And they said unto him, Lord, he hath ten pounds.*" He could see no meaning in that last sentence. Nor could any of his visitors that day help him. They all said they had often wondered themselves what it meant.

Mr. Francis Galton in his *Memoirs* says that he once heard a friend make a remark to this effect, that a useful way to understand a man's character is to mimic him, just as, if we wish to get up an emotion of any kind, such as crying, we screw our faces, we pretend to have the emotion, and the desired emotion follows. Mr. Kilbirnie, in like manner, had he been wise, would have tried to picture the scene and to put himself in these men's place. But he went to the Commentators instead. The words, said one, express the *astonishment* of the nobleman's servants; why should you give a pound to a man that has ten already? This verse, said another to the same effect, represents the servants as *remonstrating* with their master; the man has no need of any more. These words, said a third, are not the utterance of the nobleman's servants at all, but were spoken by the people who were listening to our Lord, and should be put in a parenthesis; it is *their* wonder and amazement that are described.

Some other theories there were which there is no need to mention. They only added to the minister's perplexity, and added so much to it that, late in the week though it was, he felt he must choose another subject, and write another sermon.

* * * *

Thomas Boston, in his *Autobiography*, says that a heavenly frame is the best of all commentators. A heavenly frame is got by doing a heavenly deed. "If any man willeth to do His will, he shall know

of the teaching." And that was the way light came to Mr. Kilbirnie.

His door bell rang. "Could he come and address the Band of Hope of a brother minister who had suddenly taken ill?"

"Certainly." But as he was putting on his boots he said, "That means this night's lost!" But of that awful speech he repented the next moment, and well he might, for to speak to a Band of Hope is as great an opportunity as any man can have.

* * * *

At the previous meeting of the Band of Hope a prize that had been offered by a lady two months before had been competed for, and the last thing to be done to-night—perhaps I ought rather to say 'the last item on the programme'—was the presenting of it to the winner. It was a very handsome, and what was more, a very interesting book. The Chairman read the inscription: "Presented to Master William Chapman for saying the 91st Psalm," and said, "Is Willie Chapman here? Where is he?" And then it seemed as if every one of the 250 children in the hall was bent on having a hand in honouring the little lad who seemed to be a universal favourite. There were loud shouts on all sides of—"Here he is." "There he is," "That's him!" "That's Willie Chapman!" "It was him that said the Psalm," "You're to come up for your prize, Willie!" "They are waiting for you!" "He says you are to go up to the platform!" "He's coming!" "Let Willie Chapman pass!" "Here, Willie, you can get this way."

And then a strange smile came over the minister's face, "I see it now," he said to himself. "The best commentators are babes and sucklings. 'He hath ten pounds'—it's the cry not of envy, or remonstrance, but of approval and admiration, it's the cry of delight, it's the cry of love, and the joy of the redeemed is just like the shouts and cheers of these children, utterly unselfish, utterly uncontrollable."

The minister was right, and whenever we feel a glow of pleasure or a thrill of joy over a generous action or a noble deed, God is seeking to draw us to Himself by giving us a little taste of some of the happiness of heaven.

Reasons for not going to Church. 11th Series.—No. 4.

The Miss Ribleys are having a peep at the Miss Cherrisons who are on their way to church, and are saying—"Oh how lovely!" But they themselves are not going. The Miss Cherrisons, who are their rivals as leaders of fashion in the parish, returned home last week after a month's visit in Kent, and as it was understood that they mean to create a sensation to-day with their new London costumes, the Miss Ribleys are staying at home simply to "disappoint and mortify them."

1	TH	That no man put a stumbling block in his brother's way.—*Rom. 14, 13.*
2	F	Gather out the stones.—*Is. 62, 10.* Sir R. Montgomery, Lieut.-Gov. of the Punjab, would dismount, to the natives' wonderment, to remove a piece of brick from the road lest it should lame some one's horse.—*Elsmie's 35 years in the Punjab.*
3	S	Thou shalt be called, The restorer of paths.—*Is. 58, 12.*
4	S	Jesus cried, He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.—*Luke 8, 8.*
5	M	The Lord spake: but they gave no heed.—*2 Chron. 33, 10. R. V.*
6	TU	They hated knowledge.—*Prov. 1, 29.* "A constant clause in my father's morning family prayer was: Give us a teachable temper."—*Life of George Bancroft, the American Historian and Diplomatist.*
7	W	All the house of Israel are of an hard forehead.—*Ezek. 3, 7. R. V.*
8	TH	Ye are a stiff-necked people.—*Ex. 33, 5.*
9	F	They pulled away the shoulder, and stopped their ears.—*Zech. 7, 11.*
10	S	Stubbornness is as idolatry and teraphim.—*1 Sam. 15, 23. R. V.*
11	S	The cares of this world choke the word.—*Mark 4, 19.*
12	M	I sit a queen, and shall see no sorrow.—*Rev. 18, 7.* "I thought at first," said the Queen (married to George III. in her 18th year), "I should always choose to wear my jewels; but the fatigue and trouble of putting them on, and the care they required, and the fear of losing them—believe me, in a fortnight's time I wished never to see them more!"—*Fanny Burney's Diary, Nov. 3, 1786.*
13	TU	The eye is not satisfied with seeing.—*Eccl. 1, 8.*
14	W	The abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep.—*ch. 5, 12.*
15	TH	The rich and the poor meet together.—*Prov. 22, 2.*
16	F	If riches increase, set not your heart upon them.—*Ps. 62, 10.*
17	S	Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not?—*Prov. 23, 5.*
18	S	We were with Him in the holy mount.—*2 Pet. 1, 18.*
19	M	Mine eyes have seen the King.—*Is. 6, 5.* T. B. Aldrich, the American writer, after visiting Europe in 1875, wrote to a friend: "I have had a very rich six month. Whatever I do in the future, even if it is only to whitewash a wall, will bear the impress of that wider experience."
20	TU	What manner of persons ought ye to be?—*2 Pet. 3, 11.*
21	W	The King's daughter within the palace is all glorious.—*Ps. 45, 13, R. V.*
22	TU	And as we have borne the image of the earthly,
23	F	We shall also bear the image of the heavenly.—*1 Cor. 15, 49.*
24	S	Conformed to the image of His Son.—*Rom. 8, 29.*
25	S	Enter into His gates with thanksgiving.—*Ps. 100, 4.*
26	M	Talk ye of all His wondrous works.—*Ps. 105, 2.*
27	TU	Were not the ten cleansed? but where are the nine?—*Luke 17, 17. R. V.*
28	W	He is kind unto the unthankful.—*Luke 6, 35.* "In Wiltshire neither man nor woman amongst the farm labourers ever makes a grateful remark." *E. Thomas' Life of Richard Jefferies.*
29	TH	God is not unrighteous to forget your work.—*Heb. 6, 10.*
30	F	That which this woman hath done shall be spoken of.—*Mark 14, 9. R. V.*

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The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* NO. 6.

"I'm your sister Katie, and if you will only say you love me I'll give you my Big Doll."

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Detained before the Lord.—1 Sam. 21, 7.

MISS FANNY BURNEY tells us in her *Diary* that when she was made one of the keepers of the robes to Queen Charlotte in 1786, she thought it very strange to be told she must not leave the Queen's presence on any account at any time till she got leave to go. She felt there was something inexpressibly awkward in having to wait to be told to go, instead of simply watching an opportunity, as she would do elsewhere, for taking leave before she thought herself in the way. But she soon found out that this was done to her as a mark of honour; it was the established custom of all people of the first rank, the King's daughters themselves included. The only persons who were exempt from the rule were pages and the like, who were supposed to enter for some particular piece of business and therefore to retire the moment it was finished without expecting to be detained for anything beyond absolute necessity.

The general form of the dismission, she says, was—"Now I will let you go;" yet these words, she adds, were spoken with a grace that took from them all air of authority.

The reason for all this is, of course, easily understood. A King has the same rights that all other persons in authority have. No well-brought up child would ever dream of going out to play without asking his mother's leave. No errand-boy that knows his place would think of saying to his master, "I'll have to be going now," and no thoughtful master will need to be reminded that he has no right to all his servant's time.

What the etiquette of the Court is now I do not know, but one can imagine that, to begin with, the signal for dismissal will be given by a smile or a bow or a gentle inclination of the head, and if that sign is not understood, the sovereign's meaning will be made plain by some form of words. Sir Arthur Helps, who was Clerk of the Privy Council for many years and saw much of the inner side of Court life, in an article on Oratory written many years ago, says that few men know when and how to leave off public speaking, just as few people can quit a room at the right time, "and few people can break off *an audience*," that is, an interview with Royalty, "at the right moment." Like every other signal, the signal to go may be badly given or badly read.

I think it was an American who said, "The man that wants to see me is the man that I want to see."

The only person that ever lived that could always say that was our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. No man ever came to Him that was not welcome. He opened all His heart to the man who came to Him by night because he was afraid he might be seen if he came by day. He praised the men who broke through the roof to let their sick friend come into His presence. And He never sent anyone ungraciously away. It vexed Him if they were not happy in His presence, it grieved Him to see them eager to depart.

"And He led them out as far as to Bethany, and He lifted up His hands and blessed them. And it came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted from them." It is no wonder they returned to Jerusalem "with great joy." And that is the way He still parts with us. Have you ever thought of the meaning of that phrase—"dismissed with the Benediction"? It means not only—Good-bye, and all good be with you till we meet again. It means—Good-bye, but I and My Father and the Holy Ghost *are All going with you.*

Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 52.)

5th Birthday.

"I began to learn Latin before I was five years old, and can remember declining some Latin nouns to my father on my fifth birthday."—*Autobiography of John Addington Symonds.*

"23 Nov., 1850. Ernest's birthday; he is 5 years old. Dear boy! God's blessing upon him! He is very ill; and our hearts are very heavy. This sudden shutting down of darkness on our joyous sunshine fills us with dismay."—*Longfellow's Journal.*

The little fellow, happily, got better, and one of the best known portaits of his father is one painted by him many years afterwards.

"11 May, 1887. Henny's birthday. Sweet happy little boy—five years old."—*William Allingham's Diary.*

"My fifth birthday, 4 Dec., 1827," says Miss Frances Power Cobbe, in her *Autobiography*, "was the first milestone in Life's road which I can recall. I recollect being brought in the morning into my mother's darkened bedroom (she was already then a confirmed invalid), and how she kissed and blessed me, and gave me childish presents, and also a beautiful emerald ring which I still possess, and pearl bracelets which she fastened on my little arms. No doubt she wished to make sure that whenever she might die these trinkets should be known to be mine. She and my father also gave me a Bible and Prayer Book, which I could read quite well, and proudly took next Sabbath to church, when the solemn occasion was much disturbed by a little girl in a pew below howling for envy of my white beaver bonnet, displayed in the fore-front of the gallery which formed

5th Birth-day.

our family seat. 'Why did little Miss Robinson cry?' I was deeply inquisitive on the subject, having then and always during my childhood regarded 'best clothes' with abhorrence. Now, aged five, I was emancipated from the nursery and allowed to dine thenceforward at my parents' late dinner, while my good nurse was settled for the rest of her days in a pretty ivy-covered cottage with large garden, at the end of the shrubbery."

"The victory of the Alma, which was reported in London on my 5th birthday," says Mr. Edmund Gosse in his *Father and Son*, "is marked very clearly in my memory by a family circumstance. We were seated at breakfast, at our small round table drawn close up to the window, my father with his back to the light. Suddenly he gave a sort of cry, and read out the opening sentences from the *Times* announcing a battle in the valley of the Alma. No doubt the strain of national anxiety had been very great, for both he and my mother seemed deeply excited. He broke off his reading when the fact of the decisive victory was assured, and he and my mother sank simultaneously on their knees in front of their tea and bread and butter, while in a loud voice my father gave thanks to the God of Battles."

6th

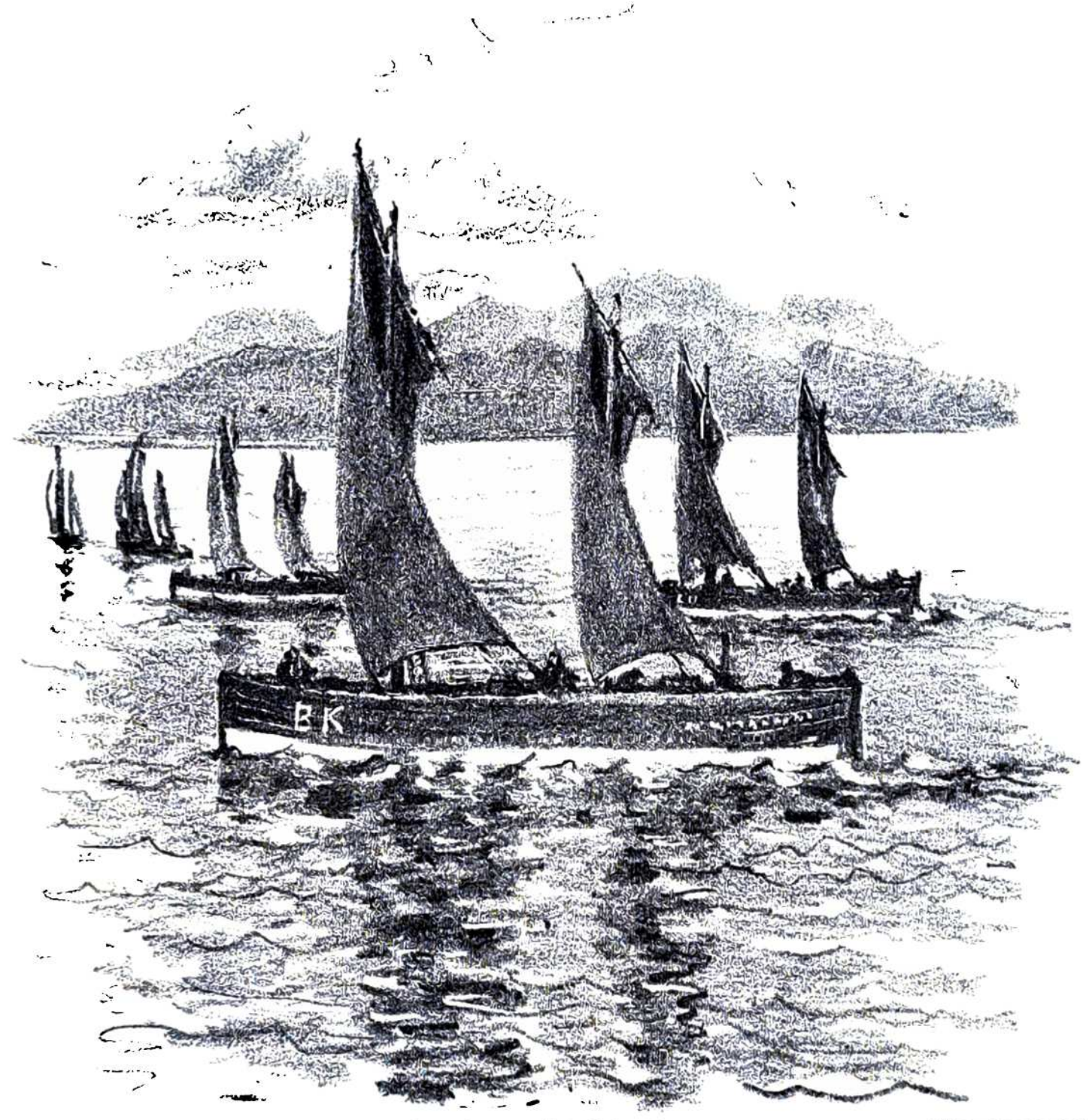
"My earliest recollection," the late Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Temple, once said to a friend, "was the great earthquake of 1825 in the Ionian Islands when I was four. First the house went up and down like a wave. The chimney fell through the roof, past the foot of the bed where my mother was lying ill, through the floor on to a table where my brother was writing. Then the house went on one side, and the roof slipped off into the street. Down came a torrent of rain, and our nursery was three inches deep in water. There were fifteen of us, and I was the thirteenth. My six-year-old birthday was a far more terrible day than the earthquake. My mother expected us all on our sixth birthday to say the Catechism without a mistake. I succeeded, and got what was then a large sum of money—sixpence."

He was taught for twelve years by his mother. By the time he was six he could do any arithmetic. Before he went to school he knew twelve books of Euclid and the Latin Grammar, and could speak English, Italian, and modern Greek fluently.

Jesus stood on the beach. . . . Jesus therefore saith unto them, Children, have ye aught to eat?—John 21, 4, R. V.

THESE are East Coast boats that have come through the Forth and Clyde Canal, and are now on their way to the West Highland fishing. I can't make out the names of those that are far out, but the two that are near are the *Families' Pride* of Leith and the *Children's Trust* of Berwick. And when one is told that each boat carries a crew of from five to seven men and costs with its nets and all its gear at least £500, one does not wonder at the names.

O weel may the boatie row,
And better may she speed;
And weel may the boatie row,
That wins the bairnies' breid.



Dr. John Owen.

1616—1683.

I bowed down my head, and worshipped the Lord, which had led me in the right way. --Gen. 24, 48.

DR. OWEN, sometime Dean of Christ Church and Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, is reckoned one of the greatest of the Puritan divines. When he was a young man his religious views cost him the estate which a rich Welsh uncle meant to leave him. He experienced many other strange Providences, of which I wish chiefly to tell you of that one which was the great turning-point in his life, and I shall give it in the words of

Dr. John Owen.

Dr. Moffat in his *Golden Book of John Owen.*

"He had gone to reside in London and was still suffering from mental depression, which had set in before he left the University. One Sabbath morning he sallied out with a cousin to hear the famous Dr. Edmund

Calamy preach in Aldermanbury Chapel, where at the week-day service as many as sixty coaches often stopped to set down the gentry. To his disappointment it was a stranger who entered the pulpit. Instead of the popular preacher, some brother from the country was to hold forth. Many of the congregation streamed out in search of better fare, and Owen's cousin prepared to follow suit. But the young Oxonian was too tired. He sat still and listened to a sermon upon Matthew 8, 26, 'Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?' It was plain, but it was the word for him. The preacher chanced to deal with the very problem of unbelief which had been haunting Owen for weeks past, and the upshot was that the latter left the chapel in the light and liberty of Christ." Who the preacher was he never could find out though he sought hard to learn his name.

You will be none the worse of hearing the titles of some of his books. He wrote a treatise on *Indwelling Sin*, a work which Rabbi Duncan used to advise all his students to read; another on the 130th Psalm—a short Psalm which all boys and girls should learn off by heart against the evil day which must come to them soon or late; another on *The Death of Death in the Death of Christ.* He wrote also a book on *The Holy Spirit.* (I hope the work of the Holy Ghost is a subject that will be of surpassing interest to you as you get up in years. I hope the time will come when you will thank me for commending to you a wonderful book, *The Holy Spirit and Christian Privilege*, by the distinguished Wesleyan preacher and scholar, the Rev. Thomas G. Selby). Dr. Owen wrote also a treatise on *The Glorious Mystery of the Person of Christ.* On the morning of his death, when a friend called to tell him that his *Meditations on the Glory of Christ* was being printed, he said, "I am glad to hear it. But the long-wished-for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever done, or was capable of doing, in this world."

Sir Robert Hart, K.C.M.G.

It was the custom in some schools long ago to join all the classes in one once or twice a week, and have an open competition in some subject, such as spelling or general geography. In a Wesleyan School in Dublin, sixty or seventy years ago, this weekly parade took the form of a competition in Bible History. A lad named Freckleton, one of the seniors, and known as the good boy of the school and as one who was destined to be a minister, was always the winner, and so became a kind of little hero whose leadership no one ever thought of disputing. There was a junior boy, however, a merry tricky little fellow, Robert Hart, who thought it would be good fun to beat, or at least to try to beat, this undefeated champion. So on Sabbath days, when the rest of the boys were otherwise occupied, Hart secretly studied his Bible!

When the examination day came round and the whole school as usual was gathered together, questions flew up and down, backwards and forwards, and the boys at last began to see to their amazement that Freckleton and Hart were nearly equal in their marks. Freckleton further, they noticed, was evidently getting nervous, rubbing his hands on his knees, and shaking in his shoes, Hart meantime being most aggravatingly cool and collected. When the examiner called for a list of the Kings of Israel and Judah, the end came. Poor Freckleton stumbled, and the question passed to Hart, and while the other boys all stood eager and excited, he answered it fluently and correctly. The first place was his, and amid the cheers of the school he took the primacy from which his opponent had been deposed.

After the victory the Governor of the school took Hart aside and said, "Now you see what you can do when you try; why don't you try?"

Why not, indeed? Here was a new idea, and one that came to him almost as a challenge. That challenge he accepted, and from that day so gave himself to his lessons that, though he was less than twelve, he became first in the school in everything.

A list of the Kings of Israel and Judah seems to have been a favourite poser in those far-off days. James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, for example, his brother used to tell with pride, could repeat their names when he was a boy to the wonder of all who listened. And I myself can remember hearing a lady, whose husband was afterwards Moderator of the General Assembly of the great Free Church of Scotland, describe so vividly the shame and humiliation she had once felt as a girl at being unable to answer that question that I set to that very night and learned those kings' names, and what was worse, their dates, all off by heart lest the like humiliation should befall me at some unexpected moment and life be made bitter ever after! There are many things in Bible history that are better worth knowing. Yet to be acquainted with the lives and characters of the men who were the making and the undoing of kingdoms three thousand years ago was surely, in the providence of God, a fit part of the training of the man who for fifty years was to have a hand in shaping the destinies of China. For Robert Hart, while still in early manhood, became Inspector-General of Customs, that is, a kind of Chancellor of the Exchequer, in that huge Empire, and played his great part well.

In a brief account of his life published a few days ago, his niece Miss Juliet Bredon tells us that on the desk at which he stood for half-a-century these words are written:

"1854–1908.

If thou hast yesterday thy duty done,
And thereby cleared firm footing for to-day,
Whatever clouds may dark to-morrow's sun,
Thou shalt not miss thy solitary way."

I think it would be a good plan for all of us to learn these lines off by heart.

Oona Frazer's Beds.

They shall rest in their beds.—Isa. 57, 2.

CHAPTER I.

THAT was the Minister's text one Sabbath, and amongst the things he said that Oona Frazer remembered were these two: that one of the Covenanters had said, "Death to me is as a bed to the weary," and that the word *cemetery* means a sleeping-place.

Oona's parents were both dead, and she lived with her grandmother. Her father was a Ross-shire Highlander. That was how she got her name, for Oona is the Gaelic for Hannah.

That Sabbath evening as they sat at the fire the conversation turned first of all on the Covenanters. Oona had heard about them many a time, and there were some bits in the *Scots Worthies* and *The Cloud of Witnesses* that she knew off by heart, they had been read to her so often. To-night she read some of the Epitaphs that one may find at the end of the second of these books. Then, as the light failed and it became too dark to read, her Granny and she talked about their own dead, and their work and their happiness in heaven.

CHAPTER II.

The next day was one of the holidays that children seem to be always getting now. Oona had the house to attend to in the forenoon and errands to go, and was late in getting out to play. The neighbours' children had all gone off primrose-gathering, and Oona to her disappointment found no one to play with. Like every happy body, however, she was always good company to herself. She had her "peever" and a piece of chalk, a lovely clean flagged pavement, and a whole hour before her. So she began to mark out "beds" as children do in all Scotch towns. First she wrote her name of course. But what kind of beds were they to be? She didn't like the *War* beds, with names of famous generals, that most girls in those days loved. "Flower" beds she had often made. To-day she would try "Vegetable" ones. Now it happened that she had noticed in the seedsman's window that very day cauliflowers and other plants for sale, and amongst them the words "Drumhead Cabbages" had caught her eye and tickled her fancy. Vegetable-beds it must be, and Drumheads for number one, then Turnips, Carrots, Leeks — she would have put Onions next, but did not know how to spell that word. (She found out, however, before night). Then came Parsley. Rhubarb was another she would have liked, and she had even begun Ru—but something told her that was wrong, and she put Cress instead.

CHAPTER III.

Oona was a pretty writer, and neat in all she did, and the beds looked well. But the remains of that Ru— annoyed her, and she must make new beds that would be perfect.

So she began again, and wrote

her name once more. And then a fine idea struck her. Drumheads reminded her of one of the things her Granny had talked about the night before—the Battle, if we may call it a battle, of Drumclog. What if she made Covenanters' Beds! No sooner said than done. Drumclog was first, and then Airsmoss, then Bothwell Bridge, then Rullion Green — it was the Ru that suggested that, and last of all Greyfriars, for many a Covenanter had made his last bed there. Then Oona's Granny lifted the window and beckoned to her to come in, and though she had only got so far as Greyfri in her writing, Oona left her play as she had been trained to do, and ran home.

CHAPTER IV.

Some boys passed that way a little after, and having nothing else to do, rubbed out the Vegetable Beds to begin with. There are some things bare feet are very handy for. Then they came to the Covenanters' Beds. But that word puzzled them, and not less the words that followed. What kind of beds were these?

As they stood wondering a Minister passed by. Judging from their looks that they had something on their minds, he turned, found out their difficulty, and told them one or two things that set them a-thinking and that made them prouder than ever of their country. But they set the Minister a-thinking too. For here were Scotch boys, he found to his amazement, that did not know even how to pronounce the word Covenant. "There must be a lot of ignorant people in our town," was the first thing he said to himself, and the next was, "and what if my own are as ignorant as any?"

CHAPTER V.

Oona was just a little envious of the other girls as she saw them coming back that afternoon, with their chaplets and wreathes of primroses, little suspecting that she herself had won the fairest garland of them all. For the sight of her beds had roused a Minister out of his indolence and carelessness, and the crown of glory that he won in the days that followed after—he owed it all to her.

Reasons for not going to Church. 11th Series.—No. 6.

This is the fifth time in succession that young man has been chased by that bull when taking a short cut through a field on his way to his favourite Sabbath walk over the moor. He gave up going to Church some time ago, because he was almost certain he saw an earwig lurking in a crevice in the bookboard of the pew in front of him, and earwigs are creatures which he has always been taught to consider exceedingly dangerous.

1	Tu	Be kindly affectioned one to another.—*Rom. 12, 10-18.*
2	W	Set not your mind on high things,
3	Th	But condescend to men of low estate.
4	F	Be not wise in your own conceits. "There is no sort of social intercourse here. Every Frenchman fears to be taken for less important than he would like to be, and with that idea stares at his own nose, and has nothing to do with anybody."—*Bismarck's Letters. Trouville, 20 July, 1862.*
5	S	As much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.
6	S	Have we not all one Father?—*Mal. 2, 10.*
7	M	Let there be no strife between me and thee;—*Gen. 13, 8.*
8	Tu	For we be brethren. "If two boys failed to settle their dispute they were marched to the ship's entry port, and placed face to face at arm's length, the hands of each resting on the other's shoulders, till the absurdity of the situation produced a laugh, when they were allowed to shake hands and depart."—*The Inner Life of the Navy, by Lionel Yexley.*
9	W	And there are many adversaries.—*1 Cor. 16. 9.*
10	Tu	Blessed are the peacemakers:
11	F	For they shall be called sons of God.—*Matt. 5, 9. R. V.*
12	S	For Thou, Lord, art ready to forgive.—*Ps. 86, 5.*
13	S	Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers.—*2 Cor. 6, 14.*
14	M	Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together.—*Deut. 22, 10.*
15	Tu	I am a companion of them that fear Thee.—*Ps. 119, 63.*
16	W	Can two walk together, except they be agreed?—*Amos 3, 3.*
17	Th	True yokefellow.—*Phil. 4, 3.* "For pleasure rowing no craft is superior to a racing pair when the two men have practised together and are good friends. I have rowed close upon 50 miles in a day in such a boat, and can honestly say I enjoyed every single stroke."—*The Complete Oarsman, by R. C. Lehmann.*
18	F	Companions in travel.—*Acts 19, 29.*
19	S	They shall inquire concerning Zion, with their faces thitherward.—*Jer. 50, 5. R. V.*
20	S	The putting off of my tabernacle cometh swiftly.—*2 Pet. 1, 14. R. V.*
21	M	Lord, make me to know mine end,—*Ps. 39, 4.*
22	Tu	And the measure of my days, what it is. "'Is the chronometer wound?' was the form of saying good-night during the sledge expeditions, lest by a momentary forgetfulness all record of time should be lost."—*Sir C. Markham's Life of Sir F. L. M'Clintock the Arctic Explorer.*
23	W	One generation goeth,
24	Th	And another generation cometh.—*Eccl. 1, 4. R. V.*
25	F	But Thou continuest.—*Heb. 1, 11. R. V.*
26	S	The children of Thy servants shall continue.—*Ps. 102, 28.*
27	S	How say ye to my soul, Flee?—*Ps. 11, 11.*
28	M	I have set my face like a flint. "When Sir F. L. M'Clintock joined the navy in 1831, 11½ years old, Mr. Perkins, a customs officer who convoyed him from Dundalk to London, said at parting, 'Good-bye, Master Leopold, and never turn your back to the enemy while you've a face to face him with.'"—*Sir C. Markham.*
29	Tu	And I know that I shall not be ashamed.—*Is. 50, 7.*
30	W	Resist the devil, and he will flee.—*Jas. 4, 7.*

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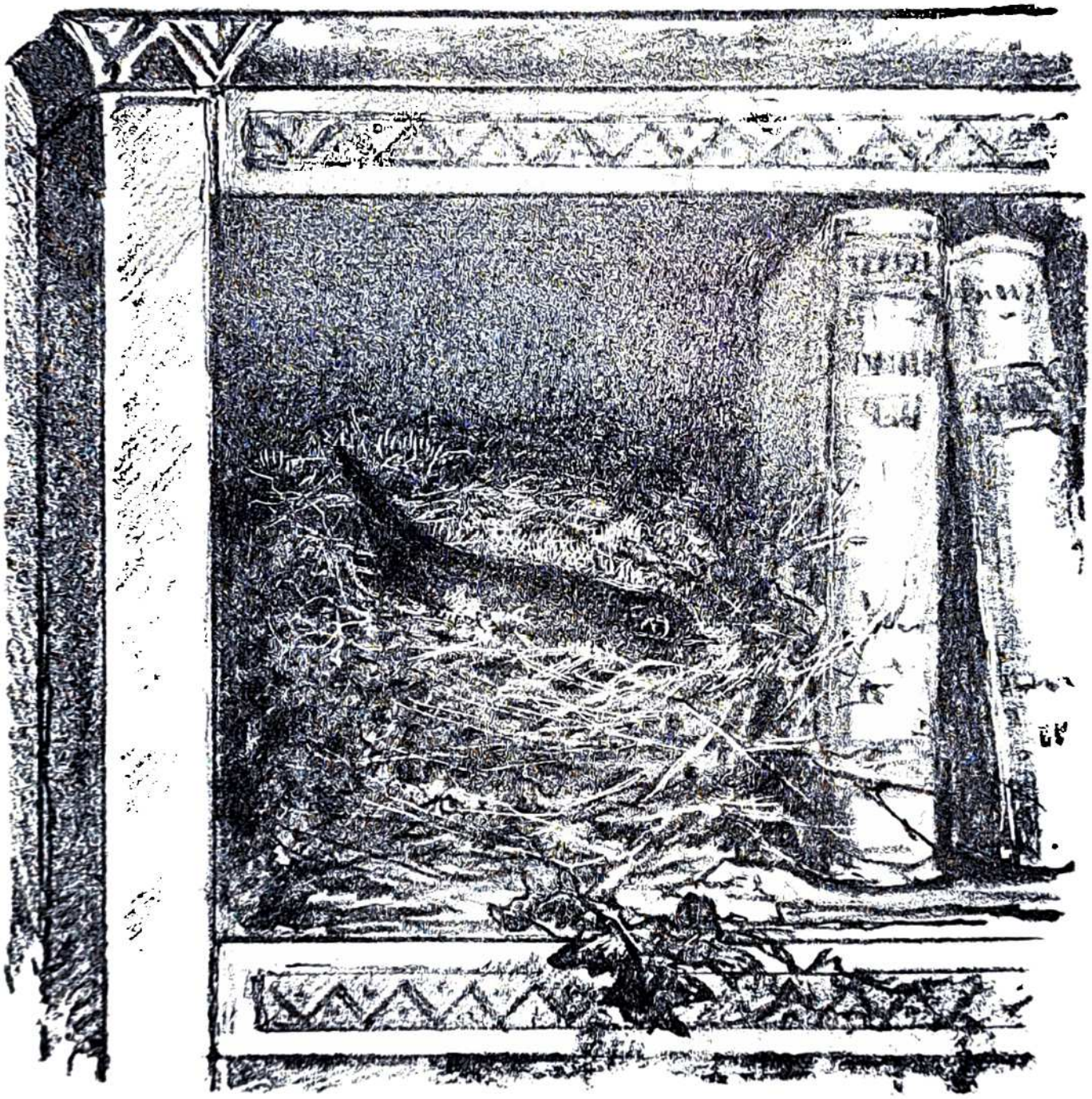

"Two Robins have built their nest in my bedroom. It is on my writing bureau, leaning between the side of the bureau and a volume of Charles Lamb. There are five eggs in it."—Letter from a friend in Durham, April, 1909.

Now Ready. "THE MORNING WATCH" for 1908, Vol. XXI. Price, One Shilling.

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"It is hoped that all who can will run with the Boat during the Eights."

EVERY year, towards the end of May, the twenty-one Colleges that make up Oxford University contend with one another for what is called "the headship of the river." Each boat has eight oarsmen besides a coxwain or steersman, and the races go on for six days; hence the name—*The Eights Week.*

Each College may send as many boats as it can man. All send one, some two, and one this year sent three, so that there were 31 in all. As the river Isis, for so that part of the Thames which flows past Oxford is called, is narrow, and the course is only a mile and a quarter long, the races are run each day in three divisions at different hours. The boats are arranged in one long column, 130 feet apart. A cannon is fired, and off they go, each trying to make up on the one in front, and to keep ahead of the one behind. When a boat makes up on another—and it must actually touch it, else it doesn't count—it is said to make a "bump." When a boat is bumped, its coxwain holds up his hand, and his comrades instantly row to the bank, to be out of the way of the boats that follow. The boat that has made the bump may row on if it chooses and make another bump if it can. One boat last year made nine bumps in the six days, and got up, as it were, nine places. When a boat gets to the head of the lower, or middle division, it rows the next day last in the division above it, so that a boat can pass from one class into another. Each day they all start in the order in which they left off the day before, and sometimes a boat regains the place it had lost. Some days there are a good many bumps, some days there are but few, but there are always some.

The Oxfordshire or left bank of the river is partly cut up by tributary streams, and partly lined with large handsome Barges owned by the various College Rowing Clubs. But on the Berkshire bank there is a clear path, and along it, while the races are in progress, the undergraduates run in hundreds, roaring, blowing trumpets, ringing bells, firing pistols, whirling huge clappers, to encourage each his own College boat. And that is the meaning of the words at the head of this article, copied from the notice-board of Exeter College a few weeks ago.

When the race is over, many of the students, too eager to wait for the ferry-boats, dash into the river as they are, and walk home, all dripping, to the amusement of the

thousands who fill the streets and paths.

There are battles in God's service in which all that we can do is to be lookers on. But we are not to sulk because we are not asked to row. If others are to do the rowing, we can go and see them off, and wish them speed; but it is better, if we can, to run with them and cheer them all the way, from start to finish. If your Minister, for example, has a small prayer-meeting or anything else that makes work hard, stand by him and keep him company, not only in the cold dark nights of winter, but in the clear warm days of summer. And when he finishes his course and wins his prize, there will be a prize for you.

Remember Paul's lament: "Only Luke is with me. At my first defence no one took my part, but all forsook me: may it not be laid to their account." And remember our Lord's promise: "Ye are they which have continued with Me in My temptations; and I appoint unto you a kingdom, even as My Father appointed unto Me."

Wherefore, "it is hoped that all who can will run with the Boat."

Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 64.)

6th Birthday.

Sir John Taylor Coleridge, himself an English Judge, has this entry in his *Diary* concerning his son John Duke Coleridge, afterwards Lord Chief Justice: "1826, December 3. This is my dear Toto's 6th birthday. . . . . He reads and spells very tolerably and he is well on in the Latin Grammar. He writes very poorly and knows nothing of figures; but he has a more than common forwardness in the knowledge of books and things. He is sweet-tempered and affectionate, but rather overweening and very difficult to impress."

The mother of the late Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, 1829-1894, an eminent judge, kept a diary for over 50 years without missing a day. In it she notes that her boy in his third year learnt by heart *The Burial of Sir John Moore*, Wordsworth's *Address to the Winds*, and several other poems, from hearing his brother repeat them. On his fifth birthday he was still learning to read. His sixth, according to the boy himself, "was disappointing; he had expected too much."

"On my 6th birthday," says Dean Liddell, the Head of Christ Church College, Oxford, and joint author of a huge book which I hope some of you will buy some day and use all your lives, *Liddell & Scott's Greek Lexicon*, "I was promised a great honour and reward. My father took me up into his study and inducted me into the mysteries of the Eton Latin Grammar. I remember the day, the place, and the fact as clearly as if it were yesterday. I continued to make pretty good progress under his kind teaching; but I fear that as I went on from day to day I did not regard the honour so great as I did on the first day."

5th rth- ay.

When the old schoolmaster in Mr. Barrie's *Little Minister* was asked a question about his wife by his little granddaughter he said, "I'll tell you when you are big."

"Shall I be big enough when I am six?"

"No, not till your eighteenth birthday."

"But birthdays come so slow. Will they come quicker when I am big?"

"Much quicker."

On her sixth birthday Micah Dow drove her to the school-house in the doctor's gig, and she crept beneath the table. . . . When her grandfather had taken her upon his knee, she said to him, "I know why you kissed me just now. It was because I looked like grandmother. Why do you kiss me when I look like her?"

"Who told you I did that?"

"Nobody didn't tell me. I just found out."

Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the painter, used to give his daughter Margaret, now the wife of Mr. J. W. MacKail, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, a bangle on her birthday, so that anyone looking at her wrist might have told her age in her girlhood as one tells the years of a tree by counting the number of the rings.

A few weeks ago a lady teacher in one of our public schools, whose class was made up of children, according to the register, in their 7th and 8th years, asked them at my request what their parents had given them on their last birthday. One said a sailor suit of clothes which he was to "handsel" the very next Sabbath day; another had got a Bible; a third a New Testament with pictures; a fourth a story-book; a fifth a sailor cap; a sixth a boat with sails; a seventh a tennis ball; an eighth—thrice happy man!—a cricket bat and ball and wickets; a ninth a sleeping doll. Some hardly seemed to know what a birthday was, and many simply knew it as a common day that had no unwonted touch of joy or happiness. But when one of the class said he had got scones and an apple-dumpling, everybody after him claimed to have had an apple-dumpling too!

An old man once told me that when he was a boy he remarked to his mother—casually!—that other boys got something on their birthdays, to which she answered—not casually!—"Is it a thrashing you are wanting?" Such was the stern upbringing of the olden times.

7th "Oct. 18, 1669. This day my son Matthew"—the Commentator-to-be—"is seven years old. The Lord of Heaven bless him with spiritual blessings. Amen."—*Philip Henry's Diary.*

Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave, 1824-1897, poet and critic, editor of the well-known *Golden Treasury of English Lyrics*, wrote thus to his daughter on her 7th birthday: "My own dear little Cecy, . . . As you grow up you will sometimes think on your birthday of the sad days that happen to all of us in our lives, and how your life is going by, which now seems so long to you; and then I hope you will think kindly of your old papa, and how much he cared for you."

Calvin.

JOHN CALVIN, the greatest of Frenchmen, and one of the greatest of all men, was born at Noyon, seventy miles north-east of Paris, on the 10th July, 1509, that is 400 years ago this month. He spent most of his life in Geneva. The first time he is mentioned in the registers of that city, 5th Sept., 1536, he is referred to as *That Frenchman;* the last entry concerning him runs thus: *Saturday, 27th May, 1564, John Calvin went to God.*

His parents were Roman Catholics and it was while he was studying

law that he first became acquainted with the Scriptures. His greatest book, *The Institutes of the Christian Religion*, published when he was only twenty-six, was written as a brief statement of the faith of the persecuted Protestants, "whom he saw cruelly cut to pieces by treacherous and ungodly men." Next to the Bible, it is to it and to books founded on it, like *The Shorter Catechism*, that we Protestants owe our knowledge of the Covenant of Mercy which God in His Sovereign Grace made with Christ from all eternity for the salvation of sinful men.

I wish you to learn off by heart the text with which for many a day, no matter what his subject, he used to close his sermons: Romans 8, 31, *If God be for us, who can be against us?*

You can see from his portrait that he suffered much from ill health.

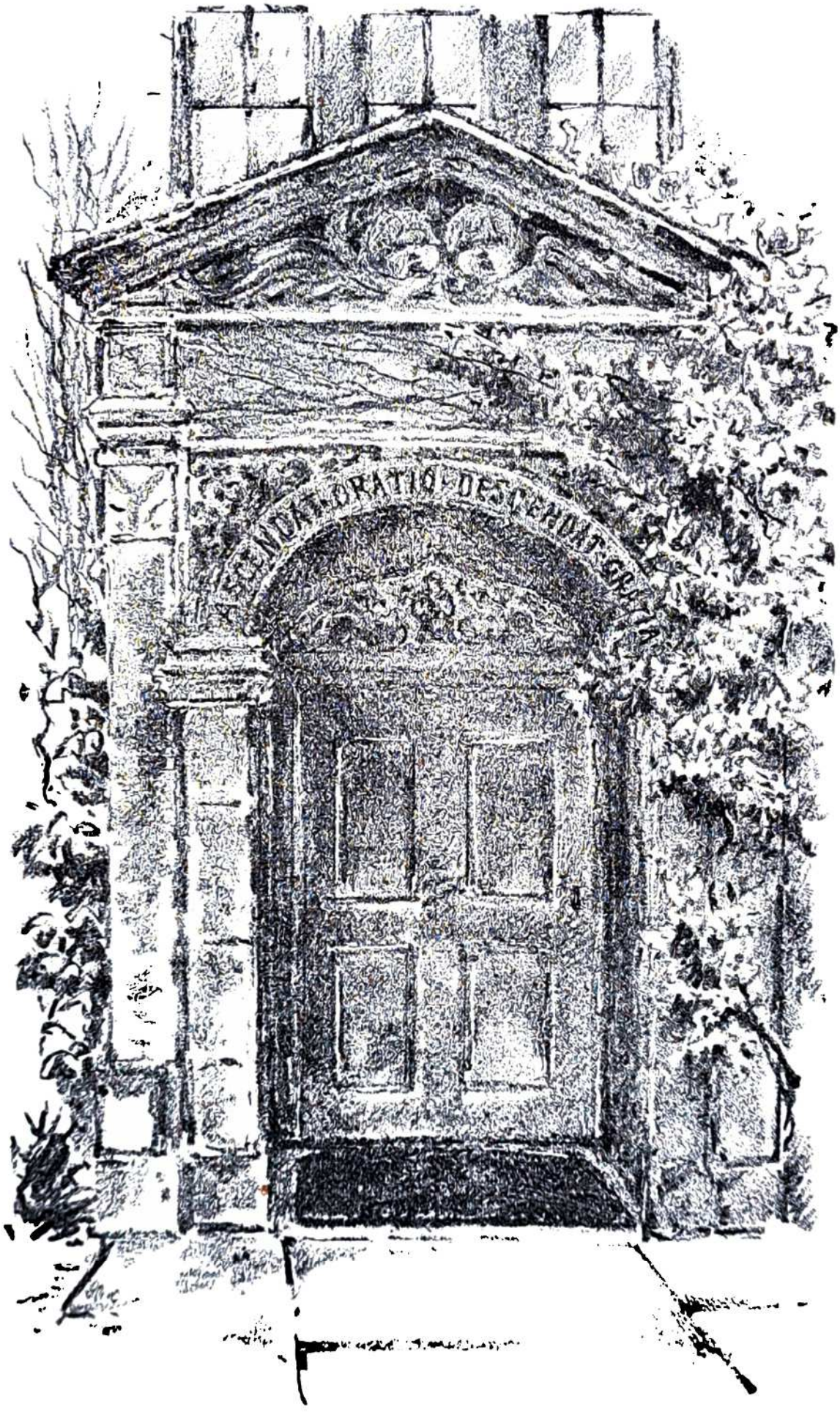
Nearly thirty years ago Mr. Froude the historian, when bidding good-bye as Lord Rector to the students at St. Andrews, made "Calvinism" the subject of his address. . . Here are two sentences from it: "Calvinism overthrew spiritual wickedness, and hurled kings from their thrones, and purged England and Scotland, for a time at least, of lies and charlatanry. . . . Whatever exists at this moment in England and Scotland of conscientious fear of doing evil is the remnant of the convictions which were branded by the Calvinists into the people's hearts."

Behold a ladder: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. . . . And Jacob said, This is the gate of heaven. —Gen. 28, 11-17.

EACH of the Oxford Colleges has its own Chapel, in which the students and those who are over them meet morning and evening for prayer and the worship of God. The drawing here given represents the door of the Chapel of Jesus College, a building which is nearly 300 years old. The words over the entrance are—ASCENDAT ORATIO; DESCENDAT GRATIA: that is, Let prayer ascend, let grace descend.

The name "Jesus College" seems somewhat strange to us, but it was given for a purpose. The Colleges that had been set up before it were founded by Romanists. Jesus College was the first Protestant one. Before the Reformation men dedicated churches and colleges to saints and angels; the men who founded Jesus College sought to put all honour on the head of Christ alone, believing that to Him God had given the Name that is above every name.

The timber used in the building of it was the gift of Queen Elizabeth in 1571, and came from the forests of Stow and Shotover. A stirrup of hers is one of the College's most prized treasures. The most distinguished member of this Foundation in recent times was John Richard Green, the historian. Only the other day a tablet, presented by his widow, was put up at the foot of the staircase which led to the rooms in which, as a student, "Ingentem suum rerum praeteritarum amorem exercebat," he gave full scope to his vast love for the past.


MDAT·ORATIO·DESCENDAT·GRA

O God of our salvation, Who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea.—Psalm 65, 5.

A LADY has kindly sent me the following account of a voyage made by a Norwegian barque, the Hovding, Captain Reynholds, eleven years ago. It was found by her while going over some family papers, and is printed exactly as it was written. I publish it in the hope that it is not yet too late to fulfil the wish expressed in its closing sentences by the Hovding's gallant Commander.

It may do us good to remember December when we are in July, and the more so if we bear in mind that it is always actually winter *somewhere*, and that every night is a rough and stormy one to *somebody*.

"Queenstown, 12 Jan., 1898.

"Mr. B. and dear Family,

. . . . I left Pensacola 1st November last with a heavy cargo of pitch pine timber. We had partly fine weather in the Gulf of Mexico and through the Straits of Florida, but coming up on 35° lat. on the parallel of Cape Hatteras, known as the stormy region or roaring forties, especially in winter time, the weather became very rough. This was on the 14th December. The gale increased daily from the westward with an enormous sea. We were running before this westerly gale eastward with a few bits of canvas and my patent oil distributors did grand service. However on the 20th all the fish oil was used up. We now used refined petroleum, but it seems that this kind of oil is not so effective as fish oil for the purpose. At 1 o'clock I went aft to the wheel and took the helm myself along with the regular helmsman on duty, and ordered my second officer, who stood at the wheel, to go forward and see that the oil dripped freely from the oil bags. At this critical moment the helmsman said 'The sea is awfully high now, Captain, but she steers so well.' I replied, 'Yes, Gustav, let us watch her closely, and see if it can be safe to continue running for the night.'

"All of a sudden a tremendously high sea came rolling astern. The vessel fell down into the deep blue valley, and the high wave took the wind from the sails, so that she lost her headway and would not raise the stern again. Oh fearful moment! You landlubbers talk about grand sights, such as Niagara, Switzerland, &c., but I can assure you that this tremendous wave with its curling, foaming billow, was a sight of such grandeur that it never could be copied by the greatest marine painter. I exclaimed with awe, 'God have mercy on us, Gustav, for Christ's sake. Hold on to the wheel!' The mighty wave fell over the vessel with all its force, breaking down the whole afterhouse into splinters, or it fell like the children's houses of cards when you touch them. The wheel was broken, and the poor helmsman carried down among the wreck of the cabin and injured severely. I was thrown overboard, but strange enough a long line was entangled around my

leg, which prevented me from drifting away. Another wave came and threw me on board again. I was unconscious for some time as I struck my head heavily against an iron stanchion which was found broken afterwards. I thought my leg was broken as the pain was intense, but it was only bruised and strangled.

"With great exertions we got the vessel to the wind. She laid for some time lame-stricken from the heavy blow, and was more under than over the water. Everything was ruined in the cabin and mostly washed overboard. I lost valuable charts, books, clothes, instruments, and nothing was insured. As I was lying helpless on the poop, suffering greatly from my injuries—no one having time to attend to me for the safety of the ship rolling in the heavy sea broadside on at first —I looked down the cabin and saw the poor comrade lying helpless among the ruins. With great difficulty I crawled down to him, calling out, 'Dear Gustav, ask God to have mercy on your soul, for Christ's sake.' He opened his eyes a little, looking at me, lifting his right hand, but he closed his dull eyes and his head and hand fell down. I shouted to some of the crew to take him into the forecastle and do the best they could for him as I was helpless myself. He was carried away, stripped of his clothes, and it was found that his chest was crushed in, poor fellow! besides heavy bruises all over the body. He died shortly after. One was taken and the other spared.

"The steward now came and helped me forward into the forecastle, and got me some dry clothes, and put me to bed, the water constantly washing over the floor from side to side. The crew were meantime hard at work to clear the cabin wreckage in order to find some of the provisions, mostly drenched through with salt water. Very little of them could be used, and they soon got mouldy. But we had to make the best of it, and we were very thankful to God that no more lives were lost during that awful catastrophe.

"The gale continued for sixteen days, my friends. Oh what a Christmas! Some black coffee, mouldy bread, or rye-meal porridge. The cloth on our table was a wet dirty piece of canvas, and a bit of candle put in an oid block-sheave for stand. In the morning we held divine service, singing with the strength of our voice our usual beautiful hymn as when we were children. I made some appropriate stirring remarks to my men, saying I felt that God did look down in mercy on us although our place of worship was humble. Sure our singing was louder than the roaring storm, for it was heard in heaven. Oh how thankful I felt, and strange to say, my dear friends, the sun shone out through the skies *only at that moment*, and even more strange, it did the same on New Year's day when we again were assembled to worship. I note this as specially remarkable. We did not see a sunbeam neither before nor after those memorable and for us cheer-

ing moments during the long sixteen stormy days.

"On New Year's eve we had a prayer-meeting, thanking God for sparing us, shaking hands one with another, asking forgiveness, and promised by the help of God to battle with the elements, trying to bring our tossed bark to her port of destination, instead, so as first proposed, to run for the Western Islands. The means for me to navigate the vessel were miserable. We found one compass amongst the ruins of the cabin, needle and card separate. I patched it together, and erected a kind of binacle stand from an empty beef barrel, and nailed some boards and canvas over. Fixing the broken wheel was the most difficult task, but we succeeded. I found a remnant of a small Atlantic pilot chart, and by my old experience I managed to find port, the gale following us to the Kinsale head. I asked God to let us reach the port on Sabbath as we were worn out and short of food and oil. God heard us, and we arrived here on Saturday evening, and I can assure you we appreciated the day of rest as few of you landsmen can realise. Mark ye we divided the last pieces of mouldy biscuits on the very morning before we entered this port.

"Dear Mr. B., I have been shipwrecked just as many times as the Apostle Paul, tumbling about the mighty ocean for over 42 years, being master 28 years, but I must say that this equinoctial gale was the most severe I ever met with. The chief mate was badly hurt, two other men sick and worn out, so that there were for ten days only seven hands to work the ship, and they, poor fellows, were suffering from salt water boils around their wrists, wet beds and wet clothes I may say constantly. Myself I had to crawl out several times during the days and inspect the vessel's situation. Do not believe that I am going to the extreme in my account and description of this for us very eventful passage. No. But it is well worth to be taken notice of, even worth publishing in some suitable periodical if you wish, to the honour of our good Lord and Deliverer, showing His wonderful and mighty power in the deep, and it may also be the means of quieting some grumblers on the land who are not satisfied with their cast lot, who ought, however, to appreciate a dry clean bed to rest on at night, an undisturbed night, and a plain good meal.

. . . .

Yours in our Lord and Redeemer,

C. REYNHOLDS."

Reasons for not going to Church. 11th Series.—No. 7.

This lady, who had returned home from London on the Thursday with some lovely dresses, remembered at the last moment on Sabbath that she had ordered a high door to be made to her seat in church to prevent draught and secure greater privacy. Her footman, who cycled along to

church to make measurements, has just reported that the entrance to the seat is twenty-three-and-a-half inches wide. Her hat is two feet seven inches diameter. To go to church is therefore quite out of the question!

1	TH	It behoved Him in all things to be made like unto His brethren.—*Heb. 2, 17.* "In the tents on the sledge expeditions the officers in charge had the coldest place."—*Sir Leopold M'Clintock's Diary.*
2	F	But I am a worm, and no man. Christ's words in *Ps. 22, 6.*
3	S	The priests stood in the midst of Jordan, until all the nation were passed clean over Jordan.—*Joshua 3, 17. R.V.*
4	S	I said in my haste, All men are liars.—*Ps. 116, 11.*
5	M	For all seek their own.—*Phil. 2, 21.* "Mrs. Procter used to say, 'Never tell anybody how you are, because nobody wants to know.'"—*A. J. C. Hare.*
6	TU	Joab said to Amasa, Art thou in health, my brother?—*2 Sam. 20, 9.*
7	W	The kisses of an enemy are profuse.—*Prov. 27, 6. R.V.*
8	TH	Let God be found true.—*Rom. 3, 4. R.V.*
9	F	I will mention the loving kindnesses of the Lord.
10	S	In all their affliction He was afflicted.—*Is. 63. 7-9.*
11	S	I will sing of judgment.—*Ps. 101, 1.*
12	M	Woe to them that are at ease.—*Amos 6, 1.*
13	TU	As an eagle stirreth up her nest, so the Lord did lead him.
14	W	Jeshurun waxed fat; therefore he forsook God.—*Deut. 32, 11-15.*
15	TH	Moab hath been at ease from his youth,
16	F	And hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel.—*Jer. 48, 11.*
17	S	Out of the north cometh golden splendour.—*Job 37, 22. R.V.* "The North Wind was one of the best assets Greece had. If her people had had all the soft zephyrs they sighed for, they would not have filled the place in history which they have done."—*Mr. D. G. Hogarth, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford.*
18	S	They have forsaken Me the fountain of living waters,—*Jer. 2, 13.*
19	M	And hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water.
20	TU	Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful.—*Prov. 14, 13.*
21	W	Their grapes are grapes of gall.—*Deut. 32, 32.* "The Honourable Something or Other, in whose smile there seemed to me to be lodged a certain frozen sorrow, as if bordering on craze."—*Carlyle's Reminiscences.*
22	TH	Call me not Naomi (Pleasant), call me Mara (Bitter).—*Ruth 1, 20.*
23	F	All my fountains are in Thee.—*Ps. 87, 7.*
24	S	Thou shalt make them drink of the river of Thy pleasures.—*Ps. 36, 8.*
25	S	Lord, Thou deliveredst unto me . . . . talents.—*Matt. 25, 22.*
26	M	Yea, I have a goodly heritage.—*Ps. 16, 6.*
27	TU	Now there are diversities of gifts.—*1 Cor. 12, 4.*
28	W	Howbeit each man hath his own gift from God.—*1 Cor. 7, 7. R.V.*
29	TH	Stir up (Greek—Stir *into flame*) the gift of God.—*2 Tim. 1, 6.* "A painter's *type of work* must be established between the years of 18 and 35. After that, though he may keep up his standard of excellence to a ripe old age, he cannot evolve *the type of his individuality.*"—*Sir H. Herkomer, R.A.*
30	F	That we may not be ashamed before Him at His coming.—*1 John 2, 28.*
31	S	Lo, I have gained (———?)—*Matt. 25, 22.*

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LONDON: THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, 57 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

August, 1909. One Halfpenny

The Morning Watch.

Vol. XXII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* No. 8.

"By love serve one another."

"If you'll stand that way and let me stand this way, I'll let you know how the game gets on. . . . Here, Square-leg! you might tell us the name of that Bowler."

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For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. 1 Cor. 13, 9.

WHEN Sir Robert Hart, lately head of the Imperial Chinese Customs Service, was a student at Belfast, a packing-case was brought into the class-room one day, and he and some other students were asked to describe what they saw. It seemed a very simple thing to do, and yet every man, after stating the simple fact that he saw a packing-case, had something different to say about it. One, who stood on the right, described an address written in black letters; another, who stood at one end, dwelt on the iron hoops that bound the box; a third gave prominence to the long nails that studded a corner. Thus each, according to his view-point, saw that same commonplace packing-box in a different way.

After this practical demonstration, Sir Robert tells us, he never in his life could grow impatient with a man who did not see exactly what he saw when both were standing on opposite sides of a question.

When we get to heaven, or get nearer heaven than we are, we shall be equal to the Angels, "full of eyes round about." Meantime we see darkly, and only know in part, and that is why we sometimes find fault with people who are following Christ because they "follow not us."

Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 76.)

8th Birthday.

The late Queen Victoria, writing from Windsor Castle on the 21st November, 1848, to the King of Belgium to thank him for a letter he had sent to her eldest daughter on her 8th birthday, adds: "It does seem like an incredible dream that Vicky should already be *so old*."

It was "Vicky" who in her 18th year married Frederick William, the prince who became German Emperor and King of Prussia, 9th March, 1888, when he was a dying man. He reigned 99 days. She survived him thirteen years, and died 5th August, 1901, aged 61.

"June 9, 1852. Charles is 8 years old, and had a charming party of children, wild with play among the haycocks; the seat in the old apple tree turned into a fort; great scrambling for sugar plums and the like."—*Longfellow's Diary.*

"On attaining the age of 8 or thereabout," says Mr. Barrie in his *Little White Bird*, "children fly away from Kensington gardens (a great

8th Birthday.

resort of little ones and their nurses in London), and never come back. When next you meet them they are ladies and gentlemen holding up their umbrellas to hail a hansom. Where the girls go to I know not—to some private place to put up their hair—but the boys have gone to Pilkington's. He is a man with a cane. You may not go to Pilkington's in knickerbockers made by your mother, make she ever so artfully. They must be real knickerbockers. It is his stern rule.

'Oliver Bailey is going to Pilkington's.' 'Well done, Oliver' said I.

Then David announced bluntly—'He wants you not to call him Oliver any longer.'

'What shall I call him?

'Bailey.'

'But why?'

'He's going to Pilkington's. And he can't play with us any more after next Saturday.'

'Why not?'

'He's going to Pilkington's.'

To his grandson, Thomas Hanna, Dr. Chalmers sent this greeting on his 8th birthday: "Fairlie, by Largs, June 23, 1845: You are now eight years old, and I am more than eight times older than you—for 8 times 8 makes 64, and I am sixty-five; but I can assure you, that though you should live to be as old as I am, it is your highest interest to begin your preparation for eternity now, to make no delay in keeping the commandments, and observing the whole will of God for the salvation of man."

A year later he wrote thus: "My dear nine-older, I write you because this is your birthday, and because it is my earnest wish and prayer, that by every year you become older you may become so much better and wiser. . . . The greatest use for learning is that it enables you to read the Bible. Read it with a good and honest heart, and pray that God would open your understanding to understand it. . . . I am more than seven times older than you, and yet when I look back on my past life, and I remember when I was as young as three, I feel that time is very short. But eternity is long, and will never end; and be assured that to provide for it is the best and highest of all wisdom. . . . I wish you had been at Craigholm with us. The railroad cuts the green into two parts not far from our house. But we can go from one part to another under an arch, and I should like to stand in that arch with you at the time when the steam-engine and all the carriages are passing and rattling over our heads."

This boy Tommy early developed a great love of order, and to cultivate it the Doctor used to ask him to help him to "redd up" his books. This will explain the next sentence. "Next time you come we must overhaul the old books and pamphlets that are in the garret. . . . Another curious thing I have to tell you of—a bird's nest in one of our strawberry tufts, near the corner where your old garden was. I was much afraid lest our black cat should find

9th Birth-day.

out the eggs and eat them: however it did not, and the birds had leave to grow, till their wings have been formed for flight, and now they are off. But the nest is still there; and I hope to show it to you when you come next. I never saw a bird's nest in a bunch of strawberry leaves all my days before."

The Angry Bee.

"Hi! you fellows," said a Bee one day to a dozen of its mates that were coming out of the hive after laying down their loads, "get your stings ready and follow me at once!"

"Anything particular up?" asked one of them. "You seem flustered a bit."

"Flustered? I never was angrier in my life. I'm fair mad!"

"What about?"

"What about? I've been insulted and assaulted and beaten almost black and blue. Are your stings in good order?"

"Oh but you must tell us more than that! Who's been insulting you? and what have you been doing? We don't want to fight till we know the reason why."

"You know the house with the geranium bank?"

"Yes, where all the children are."

"The very same. Well, I saw some Allen Richardson roses on their table, and I went in, and as I was coming out I nearly knocked my head off, and before I knew where I was, I found myself shut in between two of those smooth things that look like the open air and aren't."

"Window panes they call them," said the other, "but we've all been in that predicament. Anything more?"

"Anything more? Yes, a great deal more if you would only listen and not interrupt me. . . . Where was I when you spoke?"

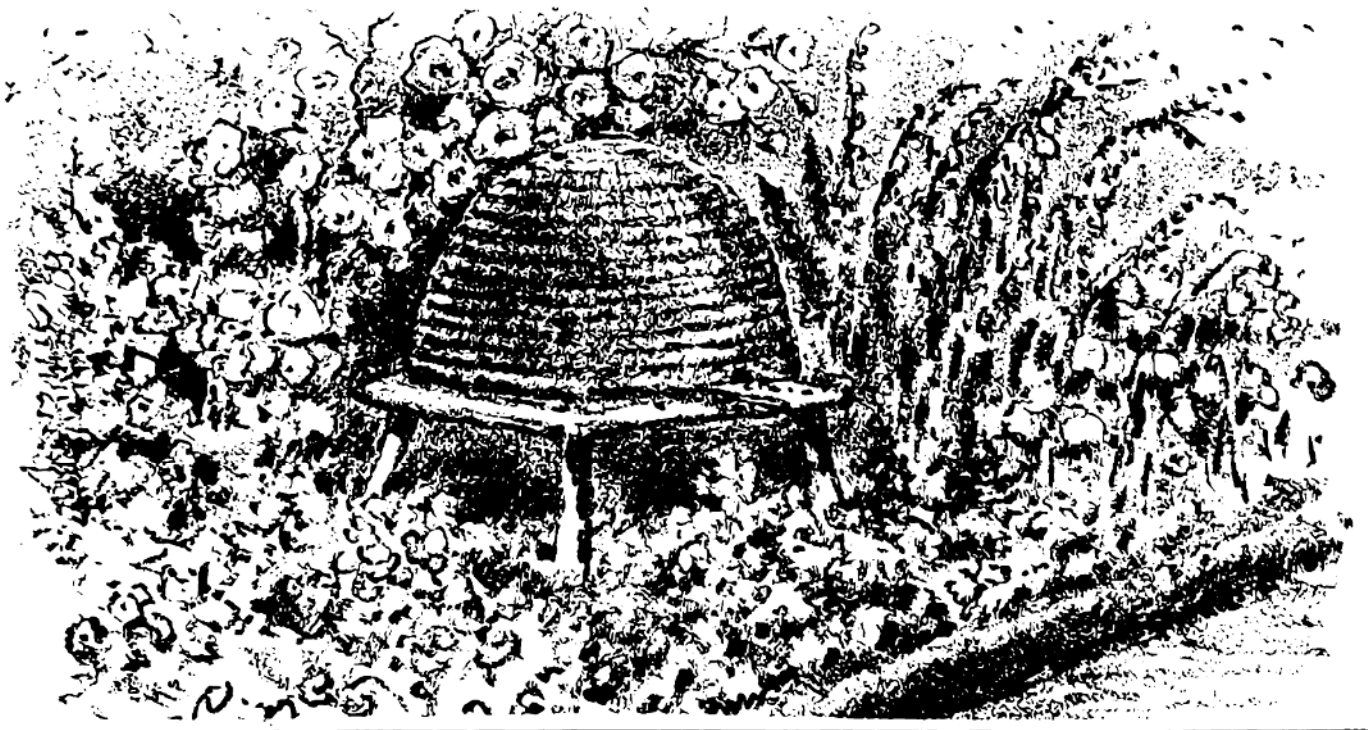
"Caught between two panes of glass."

"Oh yes! Well, I tried to get out, for I don't know how long. The glass as you call it was so slippery that my feet skidded on it, and there wasn't room to use my wings, and presently in came first one child and then another and another, and then their mother and their father, with handkerchiefs and towels and pens and pencils, all poking at me and thumping me and knocking me this way and that way, up and down. I tell you I thought I was going to be murdered, but luckily I got out in spite of them all, though I hardly know how I managed it. I guess they were about as mad as I was, when they saw they had lost me. But I'll have my revenge. Are you coming with me, or are you not?"

"You want us to leave our honey-making and go and sting all those people at the risk of our lives? Honey's sweet, remember."

"Yes, but revenge is sweeter, and it's revenge I want."

"Well, let me tell you you have had it already, for I saw the whole performance. One of the children broke one of the panes, and that will cost them more than the value of all the honey you will make this



summer, and their mother tore her dress, and their father upset an ink-bottle over some papers he had ready to post, and he will have to write six pages over again, and carry them himself to town three miles, and his sciatica is pretty bad to-day."

"What's that?"

"Wait till October when there's frost on the ground, and you'll know what sciatica means, and you'll be sorry for that poor man."

"Not a bit of it; I'm very glad; serves him right. He had no business to strike me the way he did."

"But he wasn't striking you!"

"Oh! was he not? I think I ought to know. If you only felt my poor ribs!"

"I tell you again that neither he nor his wife nor their children were trying to strike you or hurt you. In fact, they were all sorry for you, and were trying to help you out of the box you were in, and if you had only kept quiet you would have been out and away in a tenth of the time."

"Then you imply that I was completely mistaken?"

"No, I don't imply it, I assert it."

"And what ought I to do?"

"Well, it seems to me we owe them a good big jar of honey, but how we are to manage that, situated as we are, and under the present economic conditions, it beats me to know. But perhaps our owner will see to it, for he and the people at the geranium bank are the best of friends. At any rate, we'll make the honey, and we had better look smart, for we have lost a whole quarter-of-an-hour of sunshine—and that's a big bit of our working life—and five days' rain coming on to-morrow! And besides, we are in danger to be called in question for this day's uproar, there being no cause whereby we may give an account of this concourse. Excuse my using so many big words; I fear I must be turning into what they call a Spelling Bee!"

Daisy Dantle.

CHAPTER I.

"THREE Prizes will be given for the best Designs in Daisies or other Flowers. Open to School Children under the age of 14." So ran one of the paragraphs in the advertisement of the Annual Flower Show in the local newspaper of a certain town.

Katie Mains was one of those who intended to compete. But what Design was she to try?—an anchor, or a ship, or a heart, or two hearts, or a clock, or what? And where was she to get the flowers?

CHAPTER II.

The two Miss Dantles lived in an old-fashioned house that stood in two and-a-half acres of its own ground on the outskirts of the town. Their only brother Kenneth had prided himself on being what he called an *exact* man; *exacting*, many said, was a fitter word. He had had one or two great trials in life, but these, though meant to sweeten, had only soured him. He was specially touchy in the matter of his garden and little orchard. People who have never had a garden are apt to think that fruits and flowers grow of their own accord, like fishes in a stream, owing nothing to the man in whose ground they happen to be. Though Mr. Dantle had often suffered from the hands of depredators, he had for many a day given any one who seemed respectable a surly admittance to his grounds. But after a band of youths, who claimed to be members of a Mutual Improvement Society, had played high jinks in his garden and destroyed pounds' worth of roses and torn up three plum trees, he hardened his heart and set his face against all comers. In the United States one sometimes reads on a door the words, *Wait for an Invitation*—a phrase that is even harsher than our own blunt *No Admittance*—and they might have been safely put on Mr. Dantle's gate.

It was now five years since he had died, but the dead hand still held that door. The younger Miss Dantle thought it a pity and a sin that so much beauty should be wasted on themselves. The elder felt bound by her brother's vow. "What would Kenneth say if he saw us letting strangers go careering all over the place?" And to this the younger would reply, "I think he would say, 'I am glad my sisters are better and wiser and kinder than their brother was.'"

The old gardener sometimes tried to move her, but in vain.

"My brother said it, and when he said a thing, it was like the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not, and that's enough."

"Yes, ma'am, but we are not Medes and Persians; we are Christians, and if we find we have made a mistake, we should be proud to own it and correct it. I expect some of the school children will be up this week asking leave to gather daisies. There's to be a competition for prizes open to them at the Show on Friday. What am I to say to them?"

"Do what Mr. Kenneth told you,

and what I have told you repeatedly; say 'No.'"

CHAPTER III.

They say in books, and in American newspapers—but it is not quite true!—that the lawns in the grounds of the Oxford Colleges have been rolled for centuries, and are so carefully tended that if a single daisy shows its head the dons are in consternation and the gardeners and weeders are summoned to instant battle against it. Miss Dantle had two lawns, and, for the sake of appearance, kept one of them, the one that was opposite the front door, absolutely free from daisies, but for the sake of the associations of her childhood, when she loved to make chains of them, allowed the daisies to do as they pleased on the other. It lay behind a row of rhododendrons beyond which no visitor was supposed to go.

The children roundabout, knowing it annoyed her, kept trooping to her door, and for two days the gate was ever on the swing. On the third day she spoke to the Police.

That night her sister slept little, but prayed much. And her prayer was already being answered, though not in the way she thought of.

CHAPTER IV.

"I wish you to cut down all those daisies, James, the first thing you do to-morrow," was what Miss Dantle had said to the old gardener that night as he was leaving for home. "It is not only for Mr. Kenneth's sake, but even more for the children's own sake, that I refuse them what they wish. I shall not be surprised if some of them climbed over the wall by daybreak and helped themselves."

"I'll be before them," said the gardener, "and, as you say, ma'am, as much for their sakes as for Mr. Kenneth's." And the gardener went home chuckling.

"What's putting you in this grand humour?" said his wife.

"Well, you see, lass," he said, "we are like the Medes and Persians up at the big house; when we say a thing, even when its wrong, we are not allowed to change it like Christians. But like the Medes and Persians the way is always open to us to make another decree. And that's what I have done. Miss Dantle says I'm to cut down every daisy to-morrow for fear the children come and take them. And I'll cut them down as I'm bidden, but the children will get them all the same, and all the quicker. For you see, with the dry weather there's little grass growing, and the daisies have shot up their heads. So this is what I'll do. I'll raise the knife of the mower high enough just to cut off their heads, and I'll empty the mower-pan each time it gets full over the dyke into a clean corner of the wood, and they'll not only get as many as they like, but they'll have no bother pulling them or cutting off the stalks. Tell Katie Mains to tell the others. There will be enough, and more than enough, for as many as like to come."

CHAPTER V.

And it all came to pass as the

gardener had said. Every child that came got its little basket as full as it chose to make it. And Katie with the rest. She was the last to leave.

"It's a pity," the old man said, "that so many should be left unused, and I have as many more to cut. There are at least 50 in every square foot, for I have counted them

here and there, and the lawn is 90 feet by 60. How many square feet is that, Katie?"

"5,400, sir."

"And if you multiply that by 50, how many daisies should there be?"

"270,000, sir."

"That's right, Katie. I didn't think you were such a good counter. That's more than a quarter of a million. There will be at least 100,000 over, and that's a pity. But what could anybody do with such a lot?"

And then it was that, a great idea having struck Katie Mains, she thanked the old gardener and said she would consult her mother.

CHAPTER VI.

On the previous Sabbath a missionary had been telling them about Dr. Livingstone, and Dr. Stewart of Lovedale, and Dr. Laws, and what they had done for Africa—how they had made "the desert rejoice, and blossom as the rose." That was his text, Is. 35, 1. And the missionary wondered how long it would be till others had done for the whole of Africa what these great men had done for parts of it.

When Katie's father and mother and sisters and brothers were sitting talking about what the minister had said, Katie's father told his children that when he was a boy and they were asked to draw a map at school, they always chose Africa, the outline was so easy, and there was so little to mark inside. "I did Africa so often," he added, "that I believe I could do it yet from memory. Fetch me a slate." And then he drew it, his wife looking at the children all the time with eyes which said, "See what a wonderful man your father is!" Then having drawn it and put in the river Nile, and lake Tchad, and the Mountains of the Moon, he said, "Bring me your Atlas, and we'll compare my map with Africa as it is now." And oh! how the children laughed when they saw how like the two outlines were, and how unlike the two insides.

Now Katie's idea was this. "What if I made a map of Africa in daisies, and called it 'Darkest Africa shall blossom as the rose'?"

There was an odd bit of blue calico in the house, left over from the making of the curtains, and on this Katie, having begged it from her mother, carefully marked the outline of the map in chalk. Then with some needles and bobbins, or pirns as they call them in that countryside, she set off to where the daisies were, and stitched, and stitched, and stitched, with all her might, all day, saving for a brief half-hour she snatched at dinner time, and by bed-time her map was almost done. In the morning she was up by five, for she had forgotten to put in Madagascar. By eight she had given her work its finishing touches, and, I tell you, it looked well. The blue background of the calico made a splendid circumambient sea—though that was not her word. For the rivers, she used long blades and stems of grass, and for the lakes, some wild forget-me-not she was happy enough to find in the little wood by the burn's

side. So rich was her inventive faculty that if she had had a few more hours, I do believe she would have planted flags by the brink of the river Nile and achieved a little ark with a baby Moses in it!

CHAPTER VII.

And she got first prize, of course!

CHAPTER VIII.

As Miss Dantle attended all the flower shows far and near, she was present at this one, and heard the judges give their awards. The chairman, a young minister, newly come, who was not yet up to all the gossip of the town, had been struck with the number of the designs in daisies, and happened to ask the policeman in attendance where the children got them all.

"Oh!" he said, "they are all Miss Dantle's, and I can tell you a good story about that"—but before he could tell it, the minister was summoned to the platform.

I need not tell you all he said; only this, however, that he praised the Map of Africa, and mentioned the difficulty the judges had in awarding the other prizes. There had never been in the recollection of any present such a show of daisies. Before handing the successful competitors their prizes, there was one person, he said, he would like them to give one special cheer for. He had just learnt from one who was present that almost all the daisies they saw, and they were like the stars of heaven for multitude, were from the gardens of a lady who, he was informed, was in the hall—Miss Dantle—might he take the liberty of saying Miss *Daisy* Dantle? for he was sure the lady who could do a thing like that must be herself a Daisy.

CHAPTER IX.

Miss Daisy Dantle—for the name stuck to her—hurried home like Haman with her head covered.

"What am I to do?" she said to her sister, "for the last thing I heard was 'Three cheers for the Daisy!'"

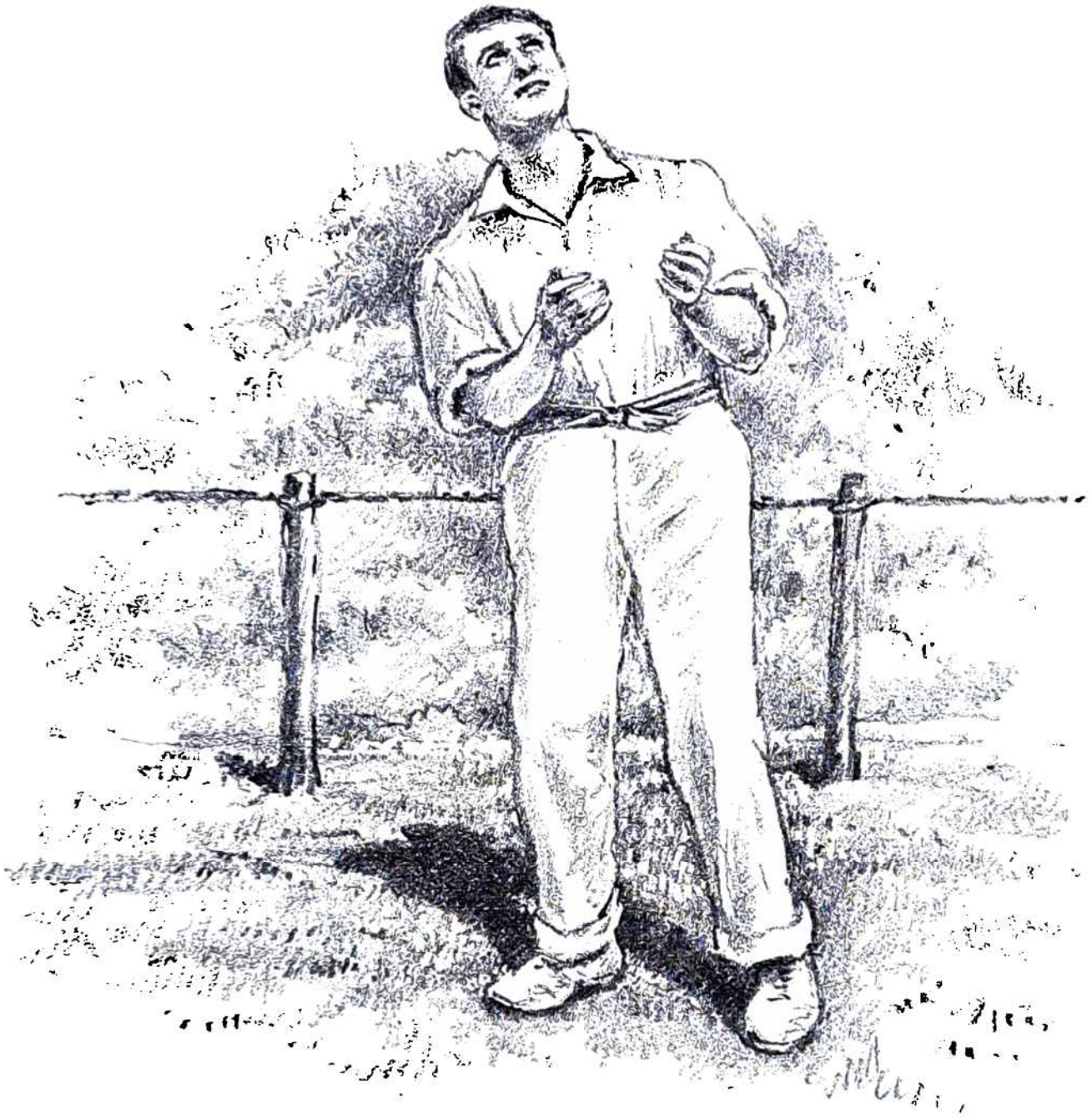
"Well, my dear, you have brought a new name into the family; we must both try to live up to it. That's all I can say."

That night, of course, all sleep fled from her. But at six in the morning, when she was just falling over, the whirr of the mower on the front lawn roused her once more, and set her a-thinking again.

"I believe," she said to herself, "that it's James that has been at the bottom of all this, for when he said he agreed with me that to cut down the daisies would be a wise thing *for the children's sakes*, he gave that funny little cough of his that I always notice when he's up to one of his pranks."

Reasons for not going to Church. 11th Series.—No. 8.

This Young Man is so keen a cricketer that, after fielding all Thursday, and batting great part of Friday, he fielded again as substitute on Saturday, and delighted the spectators by the quickness and quietness of



his movements. "It seemed," said the newspapers on Monday, "as if he divined by some magical kind of instinct where the batsman would place each ball." He took three catches, lofty ones, for which he had a long time to wait, close to the ropes, with the sun in his eyes. But he is not going to church at present, because the sun's rays come through one of the gallery windows, for about twenty minutes every afternoon, straight to his favourite corner in his pew—of which he is sole occupant—and hit him "right in the back of the head, and that's the place, don't you know, where one's most apt to get sunstroke."

1	S	The house for the Lord must be exceeding magnifical.—*1 Chron. 22, 5.*
2	M	Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone.—*Eph. 2, 20.*
3	Tu	In Whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God.
4	W	Let us rise up and build.—*Neh. 2, 18.* "Think of the men who built the Pyramids. Think of them dragging those giant blocks across the desert. Think of the thousands who toiled at them. Men came and dragged and dragged and died; and others came and dragged and dragged and died; and yet others dragged and dragged and died; and at last the Pyramids were raised. So in the work of Christ we take our turns, we labour and die. . . . But we are not raising some foolish pyramid; we are building the City of God."—*Parting Words to Oxford Undergraduates, Oct. 18 1908, by Dr. E. J. Palmer.*
5	Th	I said, I have spent my strength for nought.—*Is. 49, 4.*
6	F	Each man's work shall be made manifest.—*1 Cor. 3, 13, R.V.*
7	S	Fellow-labourers, whose names are in the book of life.—*Phil. 4, 3.*
8	S	When the evening was come, Jesus was there alone.—*Matt. 14. 23.*
9	M	Isaac went out into the field to meditate.—*Gen. 24, 63.*
10	Tu	When thou hast shut thy door, pray.—*Matt. 6, 6.*
11	W	Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.—*Ps. 4, 4.*
12	Th	Examine yourselves.—*2 Cor. 13, 5.* At a college near Boston, U.S.A., there are 20 minute periods of "Silent Time," morning and evening, when each girl must be alone in her room.
13	F	Consider your ways.—*Hag. 1, 6.*
14	S	O that they would consider their latter end.—*Deut. 32, 29.*
15	S	I have no room where to bestow my fruits.—*Luke 12, 17.*
16	M	John had his raiment of camel's hair.—*Matt. 3, 4.*
17	Tu	The cloke that I left at Troas, bring when thou comest.—*2 Tim. 4, 13.*
18	W	In cold and nakedness.—*2 Cor. 11, 27.*
19	Th	The coats which Dorcas made.—*Acts 9, 39.* Col. Henry Aston was the best dressed man in the army in his day. He kept by him from 50 to 100 pairs of boots and 200 jackets. His tailor made him 30 coats at a time.
20	F	Your garments are moth-eaten.—*James 5, 2.*
21	S	I was naked, and ye clothed Me not.—*Matt. 25, 43.*
22	S	Send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared.—*Neh. 8, 10.*
23	M	My cup runneth over.—*Ps. 23, 5.* Give away the overflow at least. All who joy would win Must share it. Happiness was born a twin —*Byron.*
24	Tu	The needy was warmed with the fleece of my sheep.—*Job 31, 20.*
25	W	A day of good tidings, and we hold our peace.—*2 Kings 7, 9.*
26	Th	They beckoned unto their partners.—*Luke 5, 7-10.*
27	F	Peter was astonished, and so were also James and John.
28	S	We are helpers of your joy.—*2 Cor. 1, 24.*
29	S	O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?—*Matt. 14, 31.*
30	M	Increase our faith —*Luke 17, 5.* "Faith is but hope grown wise."—*Lowell.*
31	T	Faith is the giving substance to things hoped for.—*Heb. 11, 1, R. V. Margin.*

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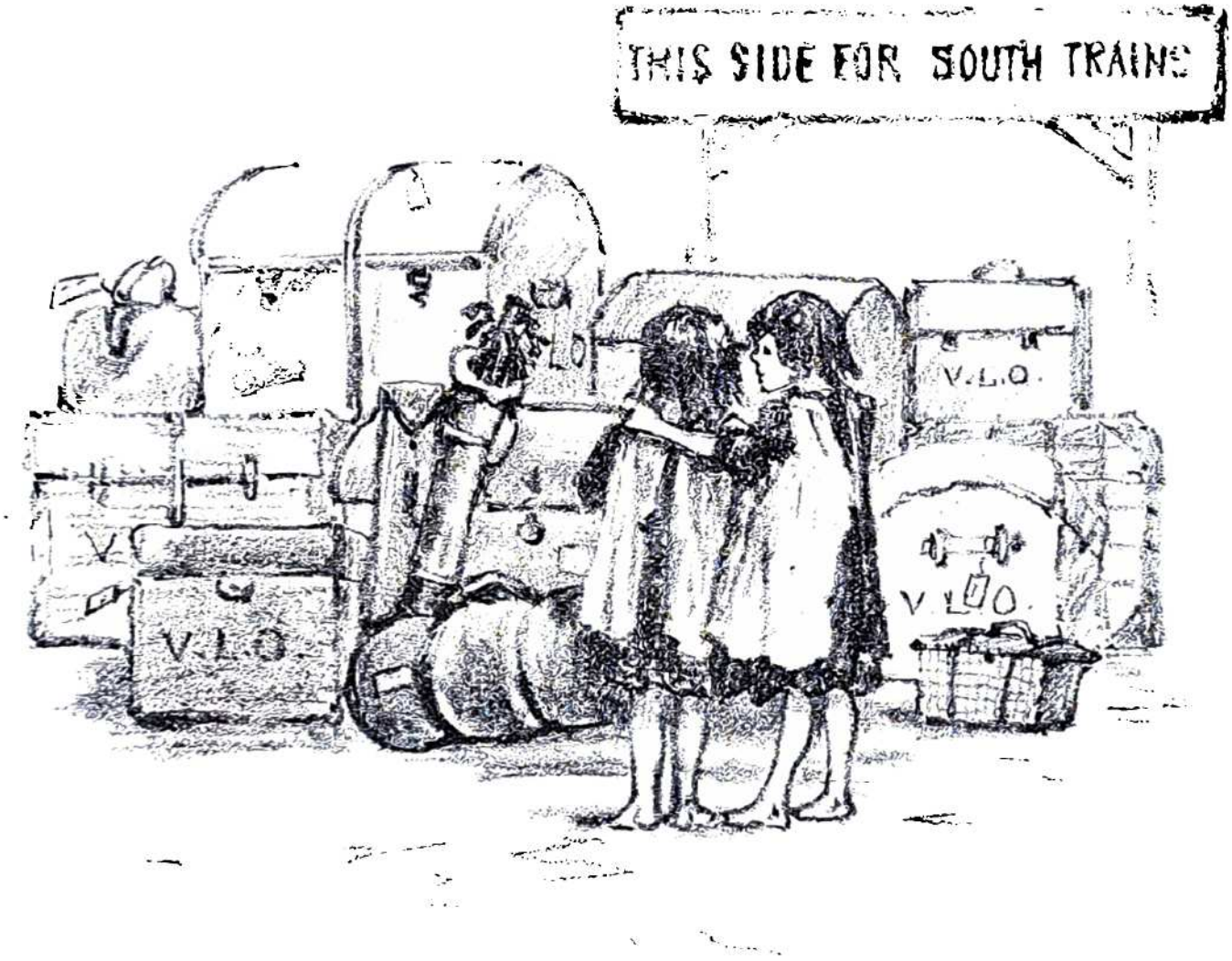
The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* NO. 9.

"The Cares of this World."



"And do you know, Martha, that all that belongs to one leddy, and the porter says it's only her light luggage, and the rest is coming by another train!"

Martha: "Oh! wouldn't it be fine to be her!"

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For as the girdle cleaveth to the loins of a man, so have I caused to cleave unto Me the whole house of Israel, saith the Lord.—Jer. 13, 11.

A BELT or girdle not only goes round a man, but it grips him. He feels it, and he likes the feel of it. So God likes us not only to touch Him, but to hold Him, and to hold Him fast, as Jacob did, who wrestled with Him and said: "I will not let Thee go." God loves to put His arms round us, and He loves us to put our arms round Him. We can't come too close to Him. The girdle, therefore, is the sign of love.

2. It is the sign of work. People in Palestine wear flowing robes, and when they are going to do anything, they must gird them tightly round them, just as you and I can't work or walk with unlaced shoes.

God works for us, and has to work with all His might.

3. The girdle is an ornament, often beautifully, richly made. The wearer is proud of it, for it gives the finishing touch to his dress. So Jeremiah says elsewhere, "Can a bride forget her sash?" And that is what God says here; He makes His people cleave to Him to be, oh wonder of wonders! "for a name, and for a praise, and for a glory unto Himself."

Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 88.)

9th Birthday.

On the eve of his 9th birthday, December 2, 1820, John Duke Coleridge, afterwards Lord Chief Justice of England, wrote home: "I have said my prize task, seven Eclogues of Virgil"—that is, between five and six hundred lines of Latin poetry. He got them to learn off by heart on the 2nd of November, on which date he wrote to his father for a new Virgil, as the one he had was torn. It is said that when he was ten he could repeat a thousand lines of Homer.

The late Duke of Cambridge, cousin to Queen Victoria, and for many years Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, wrote out while still a boy a list of fifteen birthdays that he needed to remember, amongst them, of course, being his own. On his 9th birthday, March 26, 1819, he began to keep a Diary. The very first entry records his childish glee at being allowed to lift his baby sister

9th Birth-day.

Augusta out of her bed. He wrote up his Diary, day by day, for 75 years. On October 6, 1903, when he was 84, he wrote these words: "I find it so difficult to keep up my Diary that I regret to say I must give it up, but age tells so much now upon me that I have no alternative. Thus, then, ends my Diary. I give it up with reluctance and great regret. I possibly might carry on a little longer, and I will try to do so, at all events, for a little longer." He struggled on for another month, but on November 5 he made the last entry, one that recalled his Crimean War experiences: "Inkermann Day! How many remembrances come to one's mind of this day 49 years ago." He died four months afterwards.

George Grenfell, the Congo missionary and explorer, one of the greatest Englishmen that have gone to work for God in Africa, was born August 21, 1849. When he was a boy and in ill-health, two doctors met in consultation over him. One of them ventured the opinion that he had a fine head, but his mother only lamented his backwardness. "How old is he?" she was asked. "Nine years to-day," was her reply. Whereupon the doctor said to the boy, "If you don't get on, it won't be for want of a head."

This was one of those chance words, says his biographer, which a fond mother hides in her heart, and the story was often told by her in later years when the doctor's discernment had been sufficiently vindicated.

10th Birth-day.

"The last time that I remember seeing my dear grandmother, Mrs. Palmer," says the Earl of Selborne, twice Lord Chancellor of England, "was on the 27 Nov., 1822, my 10th birthday. The blessing which she then gave me, laying her hand upon my head, and praying that I might be a good—I think she also said a great—man, was the first spur to ambition which I received."

Jane Welsh, afterwards Thomas Carlyle's wife, being told that a girl who was able to read Virgil in Latin was too old to have a doll, made up her mind to put it away, but in a heroic manner. On her tenth birthday she gathered her doll's dresses, "many and sumptuous," its four-posted bed, some lead pencils and pieces of wood, a nutmeg, a few cloves, and some sticks of cinnamon, and made a funeral pyre for her in the open air. Having placed the doll on the top, she recited part of Queen Dido's speech in Latin from the Fourth Book of the Aeneid, lines 653-660. I give them in Conington's translation:

"My life is lived, and I have played
The part that Fortune gave,
And now I pass, a queenly shade,
Majestic to the grave."

. . . . . .

Then, as she kissed the darling bed,
"To die! and unrevenged!" she said,
"Yet let me die: thus, thus I go
Rejoicing to the shades below."

She then set fire to the pile, but, like many another who has made a

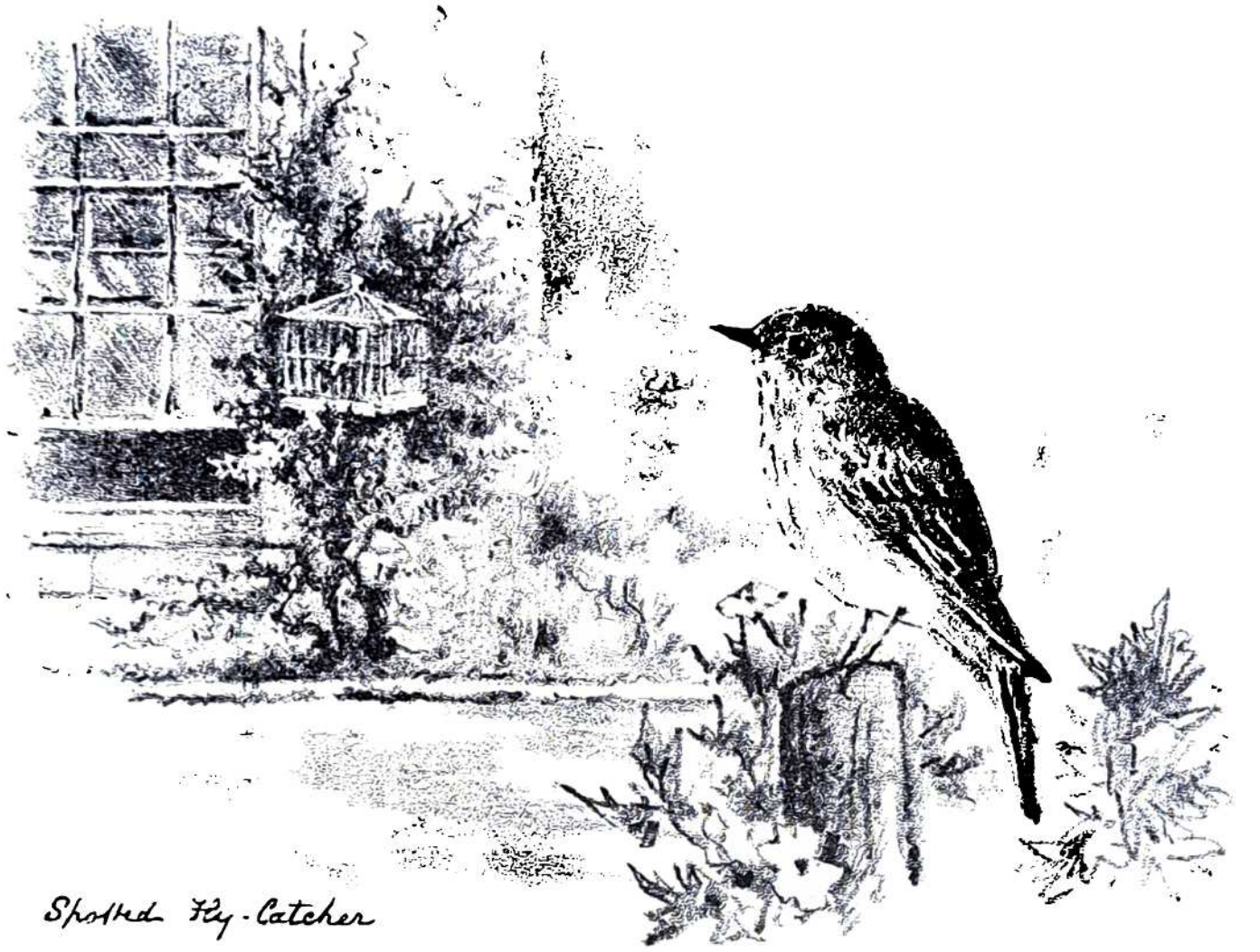
10th Birth-day.

great surrender, as she afterwards told the story, "the moment I saw my poor doll blaze up—for, being stuffed with bran, she took fire and was all over in no time—in that supreme moment my affection for her blazed up also, and I shrieked, and would have saved her, and could not!"

"My darling Jamie," says the mother of the late James McNeill Whistler, the artist, in her Diary, "selected a poem and put it under my plate at the breakfast table, as a surprise for me on his 10th birthday (10 July, 1844). I shall copy it that he may be reminded of his happy childhood, when perhaps his grateful mother is not with him."

And these are the singers . . . . . Levites, who dwelt in the chambers and were free from other service: for they were employed in their work day and night.—1 Chron. 9, 33, R.V.

MR. INGREY'S Canary used to watch and admire the wild free birds it saw through the window. For hours and hours every day it was all alone in the room that overlooked the garden and the sea, and it had plenty of time for soliloquizing. Soliloquizing is a big word which simply means—talking with one's self. "How busy these birds are compared with me," it would say. "How much they do, how many they make happy! Look at these blackbirds, thrushes, starlings, cleansing the ground, digging away harder than any gardener would do. Not bad singers either, each in its own style, but with them singing is merely, as they say now-a-days, a by-product, something thrown in to the day's work. And there's that fly-catcher! 509 times it has fed its young to-day, and it is only half-past four; shouldn't wonder if it beat the record, which, according to the books of human observers, is 537! I feed nobody but myself, and scarcely even that, for all my food is brought to me, a little drawerful every morning, and my bath is put in at 8.15 and taken out at 8.35. Some birds, no doubt, put in a good deal of time in pleasure, like the tomtits in winter, doing gymnastics on their cocoa-nuts, and the gulls to whom the whole year is but a time of sea-bathing varied with picnics on shore when the weather roughens. But even they afford pleasure to hundreds of passers by. And here am I, in my lonely cage all day, with no little mouths to feed, no mate to argue with, and no one to whistle to but my master, and him I only see for an hour-and-a-half. His old housekeeper takes no interest in birds, and shows no more emotion when she cleans my cage than when she dusts the mantelpiece. As for my singing, she is more taken up with the cuckoo-clock in the lobby, though my opinion is, it is not a real cuckoo at all, but only an imitation one made in Switzerland. All the more I must try to please my master and get him to love me, for that is all the work I have got to do; I dwell in this chamber, and am free from other service. I must



therefore be employed about my singing day and night."

So the Canary practised harder and harder till its voice became so piercing that, though it didn't know it, people outside could hear it fifty or sixty yards away.

CHAPTER II.

Life to Mr. Ingrey was very hard. He was well up in years, and his methods were primitive. When at last he was persuaded to advertise, his advertisements ran thus: "C. Ingrey's stock is not very large, but he thinks he can say that what he has is good."

"What you ought to say," said the Advertising Agent who called on him, "is this: 'Largest and finest assortment outside the United States.'"

"But that wouldn't be true," he innocently replied.

"My dear sir," said the Agent, "what we are drawing up at present is not an *affidavit* for a law court, but an *advertisement*. And you should get a view of your premises with three motors and two carriages in front of them."

"But I never have even one cab, let alone three motors."

"I daresay not, but you *will have* them if you do as I bid you."

"I would rather do without them."

"Oh! I beg your pardon. I understood you wished to do *business*. Good morning, sir."

So things went from bad to worse; Mr. Ingrey's sales diminished, and what little he sold was seldom paid for till eight or ten months were past, and even then only on promise of increased discount.

It is no wonder he could not bear the Canary's strident note. "Oh, bird, bird," he would say, "that noise of yours goes through my head like a knife!"

But the Canary only practised the harder, till at last its whirlwinds of song so deafened him that the poor man threw things at it, and finally covered it up with a cloth whenever he entered the room.

CHAPTER III.

Sometimes he forgot to take the cloth off, and the poor bird meditated all day in the darkness. On one such day it heard a door creaking, and for lack of other occupation set itself to imitate the sound. In the course of a few weeks it so far succeeded that it determined to let Mr. Ingrey hear its new song. "He will love me now," it said. But alas! Mr. Ingrey had come home that day angrier and more irritable than ever, and when the creaking of the door began and continued, and he discovered where it came from, he raged and stormed at the bird till its little heart beat for fear.

CHAPTER IV.

"We never hear your Canary now," said one of his neighbours one day.

"No," he said, "I found it dead the other day, and I can't say I'm sorry. Its singing got on my nerves, and gave me constant headache. It seemed to glory in annoying me, and it never showed one particle of gratitude for all I did for it."

"Man, you're wrong there," said the neighbour. "It sang all day, but now and again it would burst into such raptures that we wondered what had happened, till we began to notice that whenever it did that, you came round the corner the minute after. The little creature had been listening eagerly for your step, and heard it long before us."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" said Mr. Ingrey, "and that's the bird that I thought all the time was just a nuisance. I had 'a wee minor prophet,' a singing Levite in my house, and I didn't know it!"

Johnnie Leeds.

Prisoners of Hope.—Zech. 9, 12.

CHAPTER I.

THE trippers and holiday-makers who passed through our little village every July and August seemed to think that we people who had cottages and gardens could not possibly have any trials. They knew nothing about the digging and the planting and the pruning and the weeding we had to do, and the

cleaning of the walks, and the trimming of the borders, and the cutting of the grass, and they had never heard of the green-flies that ruined our roses, and the wire-worms that made our carrots droop and fade away, and the caterpillars and the slugs and snails that riddled the cabbages, and the frosts in May that nipped the apple-blossom. And they had never known the weariness of digging up, day after day, row after row of uneatable potatoes.

In addition to their own special trials, the people that have gardens have the trials that are common to men. There are sore hearts in cottages as well as in kings' palaces.

CHAPTER 2.

Dr. Chalmers once overheard one woman ask another—"Were you happy in your jeel?" Had that question been put to old Mrs. Leeds, in the summer of which I am speaking, she would certainly have said "No." It had not been a good fruit year, there had been heavy rains, and the preserves she had made had not done well.

On the Monday of our story she had gone over her berry bushes for the last time, and had got a little basinful of rasps and currants, red, and white, and black. Amongst them, too, were a dozen belated strawberries that had escaped the vigilant eyes of the blackbirds. The juice of these, all mixed together, a large handful at a time, she was straining through a piece of old linen cloth, when her neighbour, a young wife who had four sturdy little boys, came in for five minutes' rest and talk. The second oldest had been disobedient and she had had to whip him.

"It would have been better for me to-day if I had whipped mine," said Mrs. Leeds.

CHAPTER 3.

Johnnie Leeds had been what is called a spoilt child, and had all the marks and symptoms of one. While little more than a babe in arms, he ate and drank and slept only when he chose, screamed at his own food, and clamoured for scraps of what his parents were eating, and got them, as being, to use his mother's proud description of him, such a difficult child to feed. The silver spoon her late mistress had given him he used for hammering on whatever made the loudest noise. To get him to bed was harder work than getting a ship out of its cradle, and the ways had to be greased with much coaxing and candy. Five minutes after he was in, he was climbing out again, and for another hour or two, and sometimes for three, his mother had to entertain him now with this, and now with that, till she herself was like to drop through weariness, and then—"Did you ever know of such a clever little fellow?"—he would slap her in the face. But that of course, though painful, was all in fun; "mother's pet" did not know how it hurt her; he would get sense as he grew older. Years came, but not sense with them, though his playmates, to whom his flaxen curls were an unceasing source of ridicule,

tried so hard to put sense into him that his mother had to remove him from their company and jurisdiction. While they were playing and learning in their play to use their eyes and hands and limbs and practise courtesy, he sat on the dyke with his bag of sweetmeats and the latest needless toy his foolish father had brought home.

His parents were not left without other warning. Her neighbours shouted across her garden to their own children observations that were clearly meant for Johnnie's benefit. Next an old elder called and begged them to read the story of Eli. He marked the page for them in the Bible that was with some difficulty found, and was forbidden the house ever after for his pains. But the most solemn warning came from their young minister one afternoon. Johnnie had been marching out and in, as he always did when any visitor was present, interrupting the conversation, demanding "pieces," and telling the kind of jam he did not want.

"You'll get it if you are good," she would say, to which she invariably added as he screamed, "Here it is, pet, and see and be a good boy, and run away out and play, like a dear!"

Presently he was back, clamouring for his ball, and telling her he wanted it "at once." How long the minister would have borne with this I do not know, but when the boy crowned impudence with downright disobedience and then struck his mother in the face—for which she kissed him through her tears—the minister felt it was time to speak—and act.

Taking the boy by the hand and asking God in a few words to help him to speak wisely, he asked the boy to beg his mother's pardon.

"I'm wanting out!" he roared, "let me go!"

"Not till you beg your mother's pardon."

And then followed a fearful half-hour.

"You will make him take convulsions," his mother pleaded.

"No fear of convulsions," said the minister, "and even if there were, there are worse things." But all the same it was a relief to him, a big relief, when the boy gave in at last.

His father went to a lawyer next day, and was with much difficulty prevented from putting the matter into the hands of the police. But his wife and he left the church. Johnnie himself, however, felt all the better for what the minister had done, and had his mother had the sense to walk in the new road that had been pointed out to her, he would have been a made man for life.

I hardly need to tell you what that kind of upbringing resulted in. Johnnie's parents had said they would let no man on earth lay his hand on their bairn. Within a few years they had to entreat the interference of neighbours, and then there came one awful night when the mother herself had to run and bring in the police.

Twenty years had passed since then. Mrs. Leeds was now a widow.

Her son was somewhere in Australia —that was all she knew.

CHAPTER 4.

"Let me give the berries a squeeze for you," her young neighbour said on the night of our story. "It's tedious work, and my wrist is a little stronger than yours. I'm used to wringing."

"I wouldn't have thought it possible there could be so much juice left in the berries," said Mrs. Leeds after a little, "but I think it's all squeezed out of them now. I'll get a whole pot more jelly out of it than I bargained for!"

And then she emptied the bruised seeds and skins on to a tray—a many-tinted mass of refuse, purple, red, and brown. "You've squeezed it well," she said. "It couldn't have been better done though we had passed it through a mangle." But even as she spoke the big heap broke in two, and right in the very heart of it there were two currants, a white one and a black one, perfectly whole, quite unbroken!

"That beats all," said Mrs. Leeds. "Who would have thought it possible?"

CHAPTER 5.

Next forenoon her young neighbour was in early. "Do you know what I've been thinking, Mrs. Leeds? An idea came into my head last night, and I can't get it out."

"Was it about the two whole currants?"

"Yes."

"Well, I reckon it is the same idea that came into mine, and I can't get it out either. Many's the time I've thought that all that was good must have been crushed out of my boy's mind long, long ago. If ever anyone has been ground in a hard mill he has, and yet, though I fear he learned no good from me, fond of him as I was, maybe some word that he heard from the minister and the old elder may have survived it all; it's hard to say what things may keep sweet and fresh even in a heart that has been crushed and crushed till it seems to have become a heart of stone. The heart of stone may be made a heart of flesh yet!"

And in that hope Mrs. Leeds, who had long ago "accepted the punishment of her iniquity," lived, and in that hope she died.

Reasons for not going to Church. 11th Series.—No. 9.

The parents of these children, who are at their favourite game, chasing each other "in and out the railings," have given up going to Church because two strangers, a man and his wife, have taken seats at the end of their pew, "and it is such a business every Sabbath day to get the children out and in. The squeezing past is perfectly intolerable."

1	W	He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand.—*Prov. 10, 4.*
2	TH	Baruch earnestly repaired.—*Neh. 3, 20.* "I was a bad putter, but overcame this weakness as the result of hours and days and years of hard practice." *Advanced Golf by James Braid, Four Times Open Champion.*
3	F	Patient continuance in well-doing.—*Rom. 2, 7.*
4	S	Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently.—*Jer. 48, 10. R.V.*
5	S	Praise from God.—*1 Cor. 4, 5. R.V.*
6	M	They shall reign for ever and ever.—*Rev. 22, 5.*
7	TU	A corruptible crown.—*1 Cor. 9, 25.* Some years ago I asked the lady who was Champion Golfer in Britain that season how she felt as she went to church the Sabbath after her great victory. "A little disappointed," she smilingly replied; "I thought they would have made more of me!"
8	W	Within a year, and all the glory of Kedar shall fail.—*Is. 21, 16.*
9	TH	They shall not lament for him, saying, Ah his glory.—*Jer. 22, 18.*
10	F	O Nebuchadnezzar, the kingdom is departed from thee.—*Dan. 4, 31.*
11	S	I have rejected Saul from reigning.—*1. Sam. 16, 1.*
12	S	God is in the generation of the righteous.—*Ps. 14, 5.*
13	M	The Lord rejoiced over thy fathers.—*Deut. 30. 9.*
14	TU	I am Thy servant, the son of Thine handmaid.—*Ps. 116, 16.*
15	W	Thy father's friend forsake not.—*Prov. 27, 10.* When Major Rennell, 1742–1830, the greatest of British geographers, was twenty-two, he sent fifty guineas home from India to the son of the people who had adopted him when he was a fatherless child, with these words: "Thy father was my friend; let me be a friend to thee for ever."
16	TH	And thou, my son, know thou the God of thy father.—*1 Chron. 28, 9.*
17	F	The Lord keepeth covenant to 1000 generations.—*Deut. 7, 9.*
18	S	For Mine own sake, and for My servant David's sake.—*Is. 37, 35.*
19	S	There is not a word in my tongue, but Thou knowest it.—*Ps. 139, 4.*
20	M	He that guardeth his mouth keepeth his life. *Prov. 13, 3. R.V.*
21	TU	Thou shalt not go up and down as a talebearer.—*Lev. 19, 16.*
22	W	Thou speakest against thy brother.—*Ps. 50, 20.* "The Indian school-boy's chief failing is sneaking. 'Please, sir, Mahtab Din is pinching me.' 'Ram Chand has spilt the ink on my copy-book.'"—*Dr. Pennell: Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier.*
23	TH	The law of kindness is on her tongue.—*Prov. 31, 26.*
24	F	When He suffered, He threatened not.—*1 Pet. 2, 23,*
25	S	An evil speaker shall not be established.—*Ps. 140, 11.*
26	S	What hast thou that thou didst not receive?—*1 Cor. 4, 7.*
27	M	Using hospitality one to another without murmuring:
28	T	As good stewards of the manifold grace of God.—*1 Pet. 4, 9. R.V.*
29	W	We, in Christ's stead.—*2 Cor. 5, 20.* On behalf of Christ.—*R.V.* "I came rather late one night to an Afghan guest-house. The host rose from his bed to receive me. I inquired if that was his guest-house. 'No,' he said, 'it is God's, but I am in charge of it.'"—*Dr. Pennell.*
30	TH	Say to the goodman of the house, Where is My guest-chamber?—*Mark 14, 14. R.V.*

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October, 1909. One Halfpenny

The Morning Watch.

Vol. XXII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* No. 10.

"Let there be Light."

The Discovery of the North Pole.

Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

Vols. XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., XIX., XX., and XXI., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.

Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.

London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59 Ludgate Hill, E.C.

. . . *that no man take thy crown.*
—Rev. 3, 11.

WHEN Thomas Boston who wrote *The Fourfold State* was a boy, two hundred and twenty years ago, he was in much distress after reading about the sealing of the tribes and the 144,000, in the 7th chapter of the Book of Revelation. Not knowing that the figures are simply meant to describe a large and full round number, he feared it meant that the company of those who were to be saved was already made up, and that there was therefore no room for him. So, in these days when Submarines, and Airships, and Record Marches to and from the Pole, seem to prove that man has finally asserted his dominion over the heavens above and the earth beneath and the waters under the earth, some boy may think there are no more worlds to conquer, and that he has been born too late. But there are still great things to do. Even if the South Pole be a prize reserved for some bold spirit already in his prime, the youngest boy in Britain may be the first to sail the whole way from the Old World to the new beneath the sea, or the first to fly with unresting wing right round the Great Globe itself. There are hidden treasures, further, in every realm of knowledge that God has made. He made the Stars also, and no man has yet reached the Thus-far-and no-further Point on the road to them. There are special tasks reserved for one man in this Generation or in that. But the hardest and the greatest tasks of all are open to every man that comes into the world. There are principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places for each of us to wrestle with. Satan, sin, and self, have all to be subdued, and that not once, but every day, and every hour. The man that is to sit with Christ upon His throne is described as "he that overcometh." You may judge the hardness of the battle and the fierceness of the fight by the greatness of the reward of victory.

"Who would true valour see
Let him come hither;
Here one will constant be,
Come wind, come weather."

For the honours this world offers only a few can run, and only one receives the prize, and not always he who best deserves it. But all who run may get the joys that are at God's right hand, and with these joys there come no doubt, no envy, no detraction, no forgetfulness.

Commander Peary in one of his books has used words which I would advise you all to learn by heart: "The constant incentive in my work has been the ineradicable feeling that I saw something before me worthy and possible of accomplishment, AND THAT I COULD NEVER HAVE CONTENT UNTIL IT WAS DONE, OR THAT I HAD

SATISFIED MYSELF THAT I WAS NOT THE ONE TO DO IT."

If that is too much for you to learn, learn at least the little text with which we began. To every boy and girl, who by patient continuance seeks for glory and honour and immortality, God promises with all His heart eternal life. Make sure THAT NO MAN TAKE THY CROWN. Set out this very hour, this moment, to win it, and before you have read the words may it be said of every one of you—

"And thou, heroic soul,
Art on thy voyage now
Toward no earthly Pole."

Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 100.)

9th Birthday. AUGUSTUS AUSTEN LEIGH, 1840-1905, grand nephew of Jane Austen the authoress, President of King's College, Cambridge, began Latin, like his five elder brothers, on the day after his seventh birthday, and Greek exactly two years later. His father, a Church of England minister, was always unwilling to expect too much from his sons, and as Augustus was supposed to be careful and accurate in his work rather than brilliant, he looked forward to his taking a low place at the examination for scholarships at Eton. When the examination was over, and a day or two of expectation had intervened, the list was published, and a copy of it brought by a friend to the waiting father. He began an anxious scrutiny from the names in the middle of the list downwards, only to say in dismay, "But I can't see it anywhere." The answer was, "Look at the top." And there he looked, and found it! They went immediately in search of the boy, and found him playing at stump and ball with another lad. They called him and showed him his own name heading a list of twenty-one successful candidates selected out of forty-nine competitors. He looked at it in silence with a quiet smile, and returned without a word to finish his game. Here is a sample of the way in which he worked at his lessons. The headmaster, Dr. Goodford, came into the boys' room one evening without warning, and finding him writing out "Derivations" from the dictionary, asked if these were wanted for the next day's lesson. "No, sir," he replied, "but they might be wanted some day." His brother, who tells the story, says the master laughed, and no doubt thought within himself that there was not another boy in the school who would have done the same.

His companions at Eton put an F before his name and nicknamed him, from his small stature, Flea. That will show us the right sound of L-e-i-g-h. He was exceedingly fond of cricket and music. One June day, eight years ago, I heard him singing the Psalm at afternoon worship in his College Chapel, and I still seem to hear his sweet tenor voice.

10th MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, 1786-1855, authoress and dramatist, was the only child of a physician, "a selfish, extravagant man, who spent several fortunes, and was always in debt." On his daughter's 10th

10th Birthday.

birthday, he took her, like the fool he was, to a lottery office, and asked her to choose one from a heap of tickets that were laid down on the counter before her. She at once fixed on the number 2,224. In those days lotteries were a national institution, and people, instead of spending all their money on one ticket, used to buy bits of several to multiply their chances of winning something. It so happened that 2,224 was one that had been divided into sixteenths, and the agent to whose office she had been brought, had only one sixteenth. This she insisted on carrying home with her, her father meantime scouring other offices for the other fifteen parts. These he managed to secure at a considerable advance in price. No. 2,224 unfortunately drew a prize, and no less a prize than £20,000! With money, as with many other things, *lightly come, lightly go.* Gold that is got by sin is put, as Haggai says, into a bag with holes. And so Dr. Mitford soon found out. He bought a fine old farm-house with a romantic history, knocked it down, and put up in its stead a building of the most common-place character. The first brick of it was laid by his wife, and the second by himself. Mary had a little grey-hound, Toney, and as she herself was not able to be present, her pet put its little paw on the third brick as her representative, proudly nodding its head and wagging its tale. Then, after a few more bricks were laid, the masons were taken to a public-house, and ceased work for the day. In a very few years we find Mrs. Mitford writing piteously for a little supply of cash, a few shillings being all that she had left.

Dr. Mitford died on the 11th Dec., 1842. Nine days previously we find his daughter writing thus to a friend: "I may truly say that ever since I was a very young girl I have never, although for some years living apparently in affluence, been without pecuniary care—a care that pressed upon my thoughts the last thing at night, and woke in the morning with a dreary heavy sense of pain and pressure of something which weighed me to earth—which I would fain cast off but could not. Oh, my dear friend! be sure that poverty is indeed a most real and clinging evil." Dr. Mitford's liabilities, for he died in debt, had to be met by a public subscription.

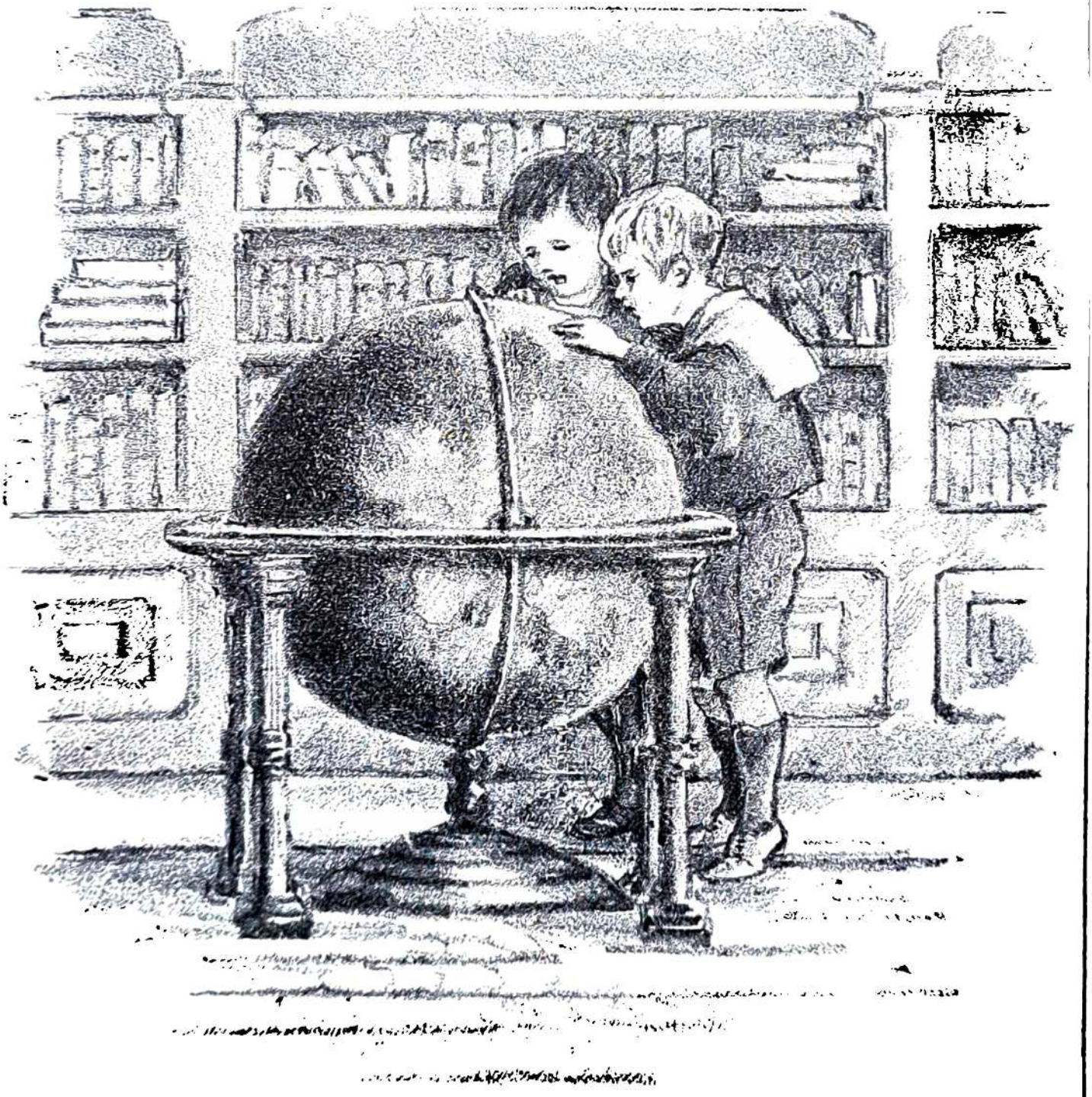
Be sure of this, all of you, that no blessing can come with money or pictures or furniture or anything else that comes by lottery, and no person, church, or institution can get a blessing with any money that comes that way. If you wish to give money to God, give it cheerfully, handsomely, straight away, with no afterthought of a possible big bargain.

11th Birthday.

MRS. SHERWOOD, the lady, you may remember, who never forgot the joy her grandfather's gift of a doll on her 4th birthday brought into her life, tells us in her autobiography that when she was five years old an old bachelor, a landed proprietor, a welcome guest at her father's house but a man whose face she greatly disliked, caught hold of her one day after dinner, and to her "unexpressible horror" asked her to be his wife. "I looked at my mother," she says, "to take a hint from her respecting what I ought to say, and thinking that I must not dare to say no, I replied that I would have him in

11th Birth-day.

six years, wondering at the laughter which this my answer produced. Six years I thought would never end; but they did end too soon for my peace; for, on the occasion of my reaching my 11th birthday, he came in form to demand me, and it was with some difficulty that I got a respite for a few more years, though I then firmly believed that I must necessarily some time or other fulfil my engagement. This, when I thought of it, or met the old gentleman, was such a subject of dread to me that I always ran away and hid myself when I saw his carriage coming to the house.'



"Who'll find it first?"

He opened the doors of Heaven.—Psalm 78, 23.

IN the Polar Regions, where the Eskimos live, there are no mines, and therefore no iron, no copper, no tin. Where there are no metals, men have to make their tools and their weapons, their hammers and axes and knives and arrow-heads, of stone, and such men are said to be in the *Stone Age*. With the use of iron what we call civilization begins. That is the reason why such particular mention is made in the 4th chapter of Genesis of Tubal-Cain, "the forger of every cutting instrument of brass and iron." He was a great discoverer and inventor, a man who began a new era in history.

To the Eskimos mines would be of no use. They could not work them on account of the climate, and yet no people ever had more need of metals, for their food consists of what they catch by hunting and by fishing. When there is no man able or willing to do a thing for us, God does it Himself. The Eskimos had need of iron, and as no man gave unto them, the Lord their God brought it, and that in two ways. First, by way of the sea; planks and pieces of wood with nails in them came to them from out of the stormy deep. But, ninety years ago, Captain John Ross, in his vain search for the North-West Passage, found Eskimos with knives of their own making—little bits of iron, the size of sixpences, fastened in wooden grooves. When he asked them where they got the iron, they said they had broken it off from pieces of a mountain far away.

For this "iron mountain" explorers searched in vain for over seventy years, till in May 1894, Commander Peary, guided by an Eskimo hunter, found it on the northern shore of Melville Bay, 35 miles east of Cape York. Only it was not a mountain that he found, but three masses of metal. The smallest, which was known as "the dog," was 2 cubit feet in bulk and 1000 lbs. in weight. At 30 yards' distance lay the second, "the woman," 12 cubit feet in bulk, and 6000 lbs. in weight. And then they came to the largest, the "Ahnighito," 11 feet long, 7 wide, and 6 thick, and about 100 tons in weight. This last was lying nearly buried in the earth.

Now, where do you think they came from? Straight from heaven! for they were all Meteorites, metallic masses that had fallen from the sky.

In a striking passage in his *Northward over the Great Ice*, published by Messrs. Methuen & Co., London, Commander Peary speculates as to the effect their fall produced supposing they came after man's arrival in that inhospitable region. "If they fell in the long dark winter night, what terror the detonations, the blinding glare, and the earthquake shock of their fall must have caused among the poor savages cowering in their shaking stone and turf huts. Would it be strange if they had thought that the sun itself had broken loose and was falling upon the earth, and that the earth was going to pieces under the shock, like one of their own icebergs? If the Meteorites fell in summer, how the seals must have plunged for the

water, and the polar-bears rushed at full speed over the ice-floes, fear-stricken by the awful cataclysm!"

Commander Peary took the two smaller stones home with him in his ship, but the removal of the third was a harder task, and forms the subject of a most fascinating thrilling chapter in his book. He chartered a steamer for that special purpose in 1896, but his hydraulic jacks and other apparatus were not powerful enough, and he came home defeated. There seemed to be, indeed, something supernatural about the stone. Its shape seemed specially devised to make it difficult to handle in any way, while its clogged sullen obstinacy and unwillingness to move, its utter contempt and disregard of all attempts to guide it or control it when once in motion, and the remorseless way in which it destroyed everything opposed to it, whether wooden beams or iron bars, astounded all who looked at it. While every thing else was buried by the falling snow, it remained quite unaffected by it. The great flakes vanished as they touched it, and left it standing out black and uncompromising. It was, he says, as if it were saying, "I am apart from all this, I am heaven-born, and still carry in my heart some of the warmth of those long-gone days before I was hurled upon this frozen desert." To strengthen this fancy that it still held some of its celestial fire and feeling, if a sledge-hammer chanced to strike it, a spouting jet of scintillating sparks lit up the gloom, and a deep note, sonorous as a bell, a polar tocsin, answered the blow.

Determined to secure the giant, Commander Peary returned in 1897 with appliances of greater power, and this time he succeeded. He had his wife and little baby with him, and as the monster, draped in "The Stars and Stripes," began to be moved on board the ship from the rude quay to which they had brought it down, the little baby gave it her own name, "Ahnighito." After a voyage full of peril, the great stone was landed at New York, in one of whose chief Museums it now rests. It is the largest known Meteorite in the world, the next to it being one in the British Museum about one-thirtieth its size.

The Meteorites, when found, were surrounded by heaps of stones which the Eskimos had used for pounding them. They had discovered that by beating them they could make little pieces scale off, and these pieces again could be beaten till they were thin and sharp. It seems at first almost cruel to take the Meteorites away, but they had served their purpose and their day in the far North. Such iron as the Eskimos need is now brought to them in other ways through the hands of traders and explorers.

The little baby that has been spoken of, Marie Ahnighito Peary —I am sorry I do not know the meaning of her middle name—was born in the Arctic regions on the 12th September, 1893. She saw

the cold grey light of summer, says her father, only once before the long night settled upon her and her fellow travellers. "Then she was bundled deep in soft, warm furs, and wrapped in the Stars and Stripes! The first six months of her life were spent in continuous lamplight. When the earliest ray of the returning sun pierced through the window of our tiny room, she reached for the golden bar as other children reach for a beautiful toy. Later, when the great night of the Arctic winter had given way to the great day of the Arctic summer, and she lived con-

stantly in the uninterrupted light and brilliant sunshine, the effect upon her was the same as upon the hyacinth and tulip bulbs which, kept for weeks in a dark cellar, and then placed in a window, expand and blossom with astonishing rapidity. When at the age of eleven months, little Ahnighito left her native land, she was physically and mentally at least a year in advance of her actual age. Throughout that winter she was the source of the liveliest interest to the natives. Whole families journeyed great distances to see her, and to satisfy themselves by actual touch that she was really a creature of warm flesh and blood, and not of snow, as they at first believed."

In the book I have quoted from there is a delightful picture of the little child at the age of 16 months. The sketch on the opposite page will give you a slight idea of its quaint beauty.

And God said unto Balaam, Thou shalt not go.—Numb. 22, 12. Verse 20: And God said, Go.

In a book named *Some Memories of my Spare Time*, Sir Henry Brackenbury, G.C.B., a distinguished soldier, tells us about a big mistake he made one day seven-and-twenty years ago.

He was waiting on the quay at Ceuta, in Morocco, for the steamer which was due to start for Algeciras in Spain. There was no sign, however, of any preparations for its departure, and a number of Gibraltar Spaniards, who wanted to cross, made no secret of their opinion that the Captain, whose wife and family lived in Ceuta, wished to spend his Christmas with them, and would find an excuse for not sailing. Presently the Captain came down to the quay and said he considered the sea too rough for a voyage. Sir Henry's leave was almost up, and his Christmas dinner—a great thing to an Englishman—was awaiting him at Gibraltar, while at Ceuta there was no home for him but in a miserable inn.

He told the Captain who he was, and asked whether the question of departure rested entirely with him or not.

"I am under the Port-Captain, as I carry the mails," was the answer, and to his house both of them immediately set off. The Port-Captain was still in bed, but rose, and having mounted to the roof of his house and looked at the sea with his telescope and discussed the matter with the Captain, decided that the ship must go. Sir Henry and his friends thereupon embarked, but of all the Spaniards who had been so loud in their remarks half-an-hour earlier only one had the pluck to start with them.

The ship steamed slowly out of the harbour, watched by all the population of the town. When she got clear of the headland, the passengers and crew found themselves in the trough of a tremendous sea rolling from the east. After a few minutes of this, the Captain asked Sir Henry to speak with him on the bridge, and then said to him, quite calmly, "Señor Coronel, it is

for you to say what we should do. In my opinion, if we go on, neither you nor I nor anyone on board this steamer will ever see Algeciras or Ceuta again."

Sir Henry, of course, begged him to return.

"That," was the answer, "is not so easy, The engines of this old steamer are not powerful enough to take her round with her head to the sea. We must go about the other way, and if we are pooped by one of these seas, the water will put out our fires through the open hatches over the engine room, and we shall be in a bad way."

By the mercy of Providence they got round, however, and when they were once more in sheltered water, the Captain asked Sir Henry to come into his Cabin. There he opened a box and took out of many wrappings the Cross of the Legion of Honour, with a document which said it had been granted him by the French Government for his bravery in saving the lives of French sailors at sea. Then out of more wrappings he took an English gold watch, with a document which said it had been presented to him by the Board of Trade for his bravery in saving the lives of English sailors at sea. Then, putting them back into the box, he said, "I only wanted to show you that I am not a coward."

"I think," continues Sir Henry, "I never felt so small in my life. With my landsman's ignorance I had been dictating to this brave and skilful sailor as to what he ought to do and causing imminent risk to all on board that vessel. I told him I was ashamed of myself, and begged his pardon. The next day the sea had gone down and we crossed in safety. The Captain had forgiven me and he and I became friends."

Isn't that the way you and I often deal with God? We wish to go a certain road. He says "No" and then we taunt Him, and charge Him foolishly, and say He is hard, austere, unfriendly, and unjust, till at last He gives us our request and bids us take our own way. Presently we are in deep waters, and the billows go over our heads. Then we cry to Him in our agony, and He saves us in His pity. And well is it for us in that day if we search the Scriptures and remember all that we have heard and seen of His infinite and eternal love, and make up our minds thenceforth to tarry the Lord's leisure, and do His bidding, and rest contented till He tells us His hour and our hour is come.

Reasons for not going to Church. 11th Series.—No. 10.

Extract from a letter: "We are having extraordinary warm weather for this time of year. Jack says it is what the Americans call an Indian Summer. We have been living practically out of doors these last three weeks. Indeed I am writing this swinging in my hammock, so please excuse pencil. . . . Sir Richard Featherby and his bride were in Church yesterday, I hear. I had made up my mind to wear my new

winter costume, but as it did not arrive till this morning—these London people are so *provoking—I had to stay at home, and did not see them. And now I am told they are not to be back till February. I am quite furious."*

1	F	A wise son maketh a glad father.—*Prov. 10, 1.* "Borup, a young Yale College runner full of enthusiasm and pluck, led his heavy sledge over the floes in a way that commanded every one's admiration, *and would have made his father's eyes glisten.—Peary's Narrative in the "Times."*
2	S	Let thy father and thy mother be glad, and let her that bare thee rejoice.—*Prov. 23, 25. R. V.*
3	S	Having ears, hear ye not?—*Mark 8, 18.*
4	M	Walk with wise men, and thou shalt be wise :
5	T	But the companion of fools shall smart for it.—*Prov. 13, 20. R. V.*
6	W	Cease from thine own wisdom.—*Prov. 23, 4.*
7	TH	Iron sharpeneth iron.—*Prov. 27, 17.* "March 3, 1814.—Dined with Edward Ellice. . . . No talk except from myself, so I learnt not one thing." —*Lord Broughton's Recollections.*
8	F	My speech shall distil as the dew.—*Deut. 32, 2.*
9	S	Speak thou unto us all that the Lord shall speak unto thee.—*Deut. 5, 27.*
10	S	Peace with God.—*Rom. 5, 1.*
11	M	If it be possible, be at peace with all men.—*ch. 12, 18. R. V.*
12	TU	I am for peace, but when I speak, they are for war.—*Ps. 120, 7.*
13	W	Pursue peace.—*Ps. 34, 14. R. V.* When Ann Taylor, 1782-1866, who wrote the poem with the refrain *My Mother*, was leaving home to be married, her mother's parting injunction to her was—"*Beware of the first dispute.*"
14	TH	The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water :
15	F	Therefore leave off contention before there be quarrelling.—*Prov. 17, 14. R. V.*
16	S	To the counsellors of peace is joy.—*ch. 12, 20.*
17	S	We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened.—*2 Cor. 5, 4.*
18	M	The hope set before us.—*Heb. 6, 18.*
19	TU	He shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation,
20	W	That it may be conformed to the body of His glory.—*Phil. 3, 21. R. V.*
21	TH	I am a partaker of the glory that shall be revealed.—*1 Pet. 5, 1.*
22	F	Having seen the promises and greeted them from afar.—*Heb. 11, 13. R. V.*
23	S	Whom He justified, them He also glorified.—*Rom. 8, 30.* "The *tense* in *glorified* is amazing. It is the most daring anticipation of faith that even the New Testament contains."—*Prof. Denney on Romans.*
24	S	John looked upon Jesus as He walked.—*John 1, 36. R. V.*
25	M	The running of the foremost is like the running of Ahimaaz.—*2 Sam. 18, 27.* "Often footsteps reveal, in some measure, the character and the mood of the walker. I feel in them firmness and indecision, hurry and deliberation, activity and laziness, fatigue, carelessness, timidity, anger, and sorrow." —*Helen Keller.*
26	TU	King Agag came delicately (or cheerfully).—*1 Sam. 15, 32.*
27	W	Rebecca hasted, and emptied her pitcher, and ran again.—*Gen. 24, 20.*
28	TH	Mordecai walked before the court, to know how Esther did.—*Esth. 2, 11.*
29	F	Walking, and leaping, and praising God.—*Acts 3, 9.*
30	S	The daughters of Zion are haughty, walking and mincing as they go.—*Is. 3, 16*
31	S	They departed quickly from the sepulchre, with fear and great joy.—*Matt. 28, 8*

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November, 1909. One Halfpenny

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* NO. 11.

"*In the multitude of words*
there wanteth not sin." *Prov. 10, 19.*

"*These are our Extra Double Superfine A 1 Unequalled Guaranteed Reliable; that is, I may tell you, the cheapest quality we keep in stock.*"

"*And may I ask what name you give to the dearest?*"

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Mr. Edward H. Harriman.

Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening.—Psalm 104, 23.

EVERY one who has been in a big workshop when the hour for closing comes knows the feeling almost of awe that comes with the stillness that follows the stoppage of machinery. So too at sea, when, from whatever cause, the throb of the engines ceases unexpectedly, the most experienced traveller lays down his book, and lifts his eyes, and asks "What's up?" Indeed so perturbing is the silence that a Captain, whenever possible, will give his passengers, especially if they be ladies, warning.

On the 9th September last there died near New York a Mr. Edward H. Harriman. He was born in 1848, the son of a poor English Church Minister, began his career as an office errand boy, and rose to be acknowledged by all business men as "the most powerful man in America." He acquired, by fair means and by foul, the absolute control of 24,000 miles of railway in the United States, 35,000 miles of Steamship mileage, and the indirect control of other 50,000 miles of railroad. How much that means no one but a great financier can even imagine. It is enough to say that that one man could in one week have paralysed the traffic of the United States.

He was buried on September 12th, and at noon that day, throughout the whole "Harriman system," every workman rested and bared his head, and every wheel stopped, for *one minute*. The very ferry-boats were halted in mid-stream. Five minutes apparently was the interval at first proposed, but the dislocation of traffic would have been too great. One minute seems but little, till we begin to reckon up the tens of millions by which it was multiplied. It was a strange homage, but a tremendously impressive one, that was thus paid to a dead man, to power that had passed away. "Every wheel stopped for one minute"—and then went on again.

But what shall we say of the silence, the commotion, the acclamations, that meet every man in the unseen world when the silver cord is loosed and the wheel is broken at the cistern, and the spirit returns unto God Who gave it! For there are two—and but two—kinds of reception after death: "With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought"; and—"Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming."—Ps. 45, Is. 14.

O God, when that hour comes to each one of us, may the first sound we hear be the Song of the Lamb and the voice of harpers harping with their harps.

Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 113.)

11th Birthday.

LADY BURNE-JONES, in her life of her husband the painter, says that he took her little sister on her 11th birthday, as a treat she would understand, to see Rossetti the poet-artist. Rossetti was very kind to her, talking with her, and giving her a proof of one of Holman Hunt's etchings, with the date of her birth and his name and hers written underneath. She used to spend whole days with Burne-Jones and William Morris in their studios, furnished by them with pencils and paints, working after her own fashion and eagerly drinking in all they said to her and to each other.

It is not quite clear from Lady Burne-Jones' narrative, but it is almost certain, that it was this little girl who afterwards became the mother of Rudyard Kipling. There was another daughter who became the wife of another famous man, Sir Edward Poynter. Their father, the Rev. G. B. Macdonald, was a Wesleyan minister. It is said of him that he strove to impress upon his children the love of truth and the duty of charitable speech and judgment about others. When their sharp tongues erred he would be uneasy, and would at times make his daughters aware of his disapproval by interrupting the conversation with a sudden question asked across it, such as, "What is the price of potatoes?" and the meaning of this they always understood clearly enough.

12th

The age of twelve, according to Biblical Scholars, was reckoned a critical one in the life of a Jewish boy. According to Josephus it was the age at which Moses left the house of Pharaoh's daughter, and Samuel heard God's voice in the night, and Josiah began to think of the work of reformation. At this age, no matter what his rank or prospects in life, every Jew had to begin to learn a trade. Up to this age, he was called 'little,' ever afterwards he was 'big,' 'grown up.' At this age, too, he was solemnly presented by his father in the Synagogue, and began to wear the phylacteries or little strips of parchment on which certain Bible texts were written. I have known boys and girls in Scotland who at that age sat for the first time at the Lord's Table, and I wish that were a sight to be seen on every Communion Sabbath. A boy or girl may sit there, and play none the less but all the more merrily at games.

"On my 12th birthday, 5 Oct., 1852," says John Addington Symonds, a distinguished man of letters who died in 1893, "I went up as usual to kiss my father. He said gravely, 'Shake hands; you are too old for kissing.' I felt rather ashamed of having offered what my twelfth birthday rendered unseemly, and took a step upon the path toward isolation. But there was something savage in me which accepted the remark with approval. Henceforth I shrank from the exposure of emotion, except upon paper, in letters, and in studied language."

It was a pity, surely, that his father, a busy doctor, should have

12th Birth-day.

given such a repulse to the out-going of a young heart's affection, especially when one is told that the boy had been only four years old when his mother died.

Leonidas Hubbard, one of those brave men who love to go to places of which there are no maps, to whom every vacant space in an atlas seems to be a reproachful reminder of an unclaimed inheritance, set out to explore Labrador in 1903. He encountered many difficulties, lost his way, and eventually met his death in the interior. His wife, hearing, as it were, like Sparta in olden times, the voice of her Leonidas calling from his lonely grave, and thinking it only fit that his name should reap the fruits of service which had cost him so dear, undertook, in the summer of 1905, the conduct of a Second Expedition, and with the advantage of the information and experience obtained by the First, a larger crew, and three weeks' earlier start, successfully completed the work her husband had undertaken two years before.

Mr. Leonidas Hubbard, as is shown by the odd conjunction of his names, was a citizen of the United States. His father had come "cross country" from Ohio, gun on shoulder, and had settled in Michigan when it was still a wilderness, and there on 12 July, 1872, his son was born. The boy grew up a lover of all out-door sports, but "his cup was filled quite full when, on the day he was twelve years old, a rifle all his own was placed in his hands." Like Esau he became a cunning hunter, a man of the field; only, unlike Esau, he had his father for his companion and his guide. In such a case as this a rifle is a wise and proper gift, which is more than can be said of the pocket pistols which foolish parents give to their ignorant offspring whose hunting ground is a backyard or a narrow street, and their quarry a sooty sparrow or an emaciated cat, and their crowning exploit the putting out of a little companion's eye.

ON a 17th June Dr. Andrew Bonar wrote thus to one of his daughters:

"Eve before Waterloo.

"I hope this will find you well on your 12th birthday. You were born on a day memorable for victory. May you have new victories to celebrate every returning year. Your Captain is the Lord Jesus, 'the Captain of Salvation.' Your Flag or ensign has this inscribed on it—Jehovah-Nissi. And the speech which your Captain makes to you has this for its sum and substance—

'Be of good cheer, I have overcome the World.'

The various medals you will get as the memorials of your battles and victories are mentioned in Rev. chs. 2 and 3, with this superscription on each: 'To him that overcometh;' and on the other side, pictures of the 'Tree of Life,' 'Hidden Manna,' 'White Stone,' 'A Throne,' etc. Many Waterloo days and years to you."

WHEN Lord Bramwell, a great English judge who died in 1892, was a boy, and his 13th birthday was drawing nigh, he asked his father for three things: a watch, a large cake, apparently for the purpose of increasing his popularity at school, and some money. And this was the answer:

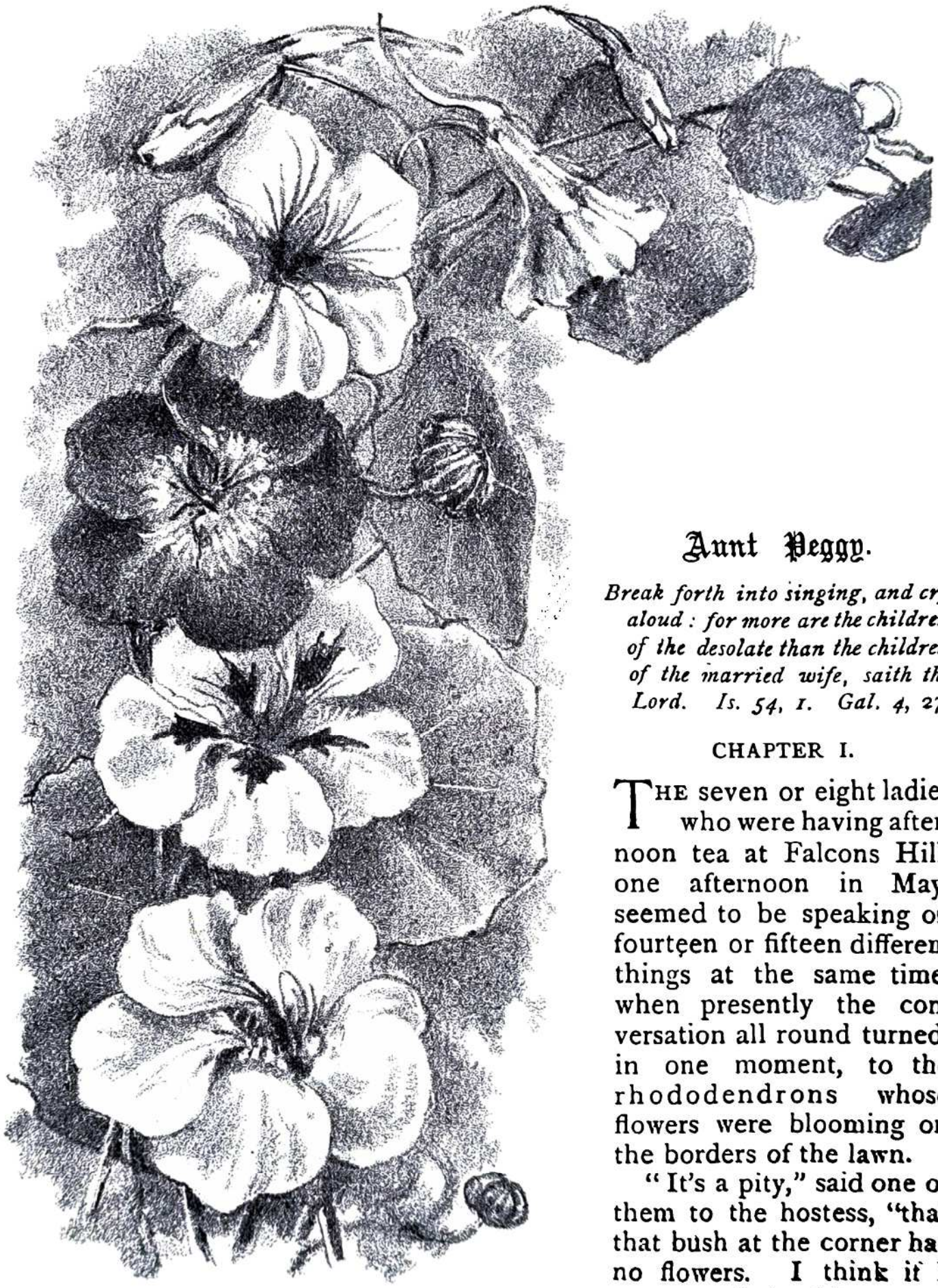
13th Birth-day.

"11th June, 1821. With this you will receive a watch, which I hope you will be pleased with, which I request you will not put out of order. The gold seal and key has been added by your mother's desire. I wish you many years of happiness and health to wear the same. I hope you will carefully mark the ebb of time, and make the best use of it, so that you may turn out an honest and clever man. You will also receive a cake, which I think you will find capacious enough for your purpose. As for money, you can want but little, as you will be home on Thursday. To-morrow your mother, myself, and Co. will be wishing you many many happy returns of the day."

They lay them down in their dens.—*Psalm 104, 22.*

"The nuts and acorns are under your pillow. Can I do anything more, Mr Dormouse?"

"No, thank you, Mrs Muscardina; but if you don't hear me stirring by the beginning of March, kindly squeak at my door. So long!"



Aunt Peggy.

Break forth into singing, and cry aloud: for more are the children of the desolate than the children of the married wife, saith the Lord. Is. 54, 1. Gal. 4, 27.

CHAPTER I.

THE seven or eight ladies who were having afternoon tea at Falcons Hill, one afternoon in May, seemed to be speaking on fourteen or fifteen different things at the same time, when presently the conversation all round turned, in one moment, to the rhododendrons whose flowers were blooming on the borders of the lawn.

"It's a pity," said one of them to the hostess, "that that bush at the corner has no flowers. I think if I were you I should remove

it? You don't mind my saying so, do you? Your grounds are so lovely that they can afford to be criticized, but don't you think it looks a little—a little——"

"Scraggy?" said the lady of the house with a smile.

"Oh no! I fear my envy is making me very rude, but, though I scarcely know what word was in my mind, I know it wasn't that one."

"It's the word that comes to *my* mind every time I look at it," said a lady who had been introduced to the company as "Our Aunt Peggy."

"What I was going to say," resumed the lady, "was this, that that poor bush, when it looks at the others, must feel like a poor relation, don't you know, that would be very well pleased to have some of the other ones' cast off flowers for her hat."

The hostess meant to tell them that she had sentimental reasons for sparing the bush, but that, besides that, the bush, though it looked for all the world like a collection of old brooms, did its own share of good work at that corner, by sheltering one of the flower-beds from the wind when it blew hard, as it often did, from the east. I say she meant to tell them this, but the word *hat* turned the thoughts of her visitors in an instant into a new channel, along which the conversation flowed tumultuously till the chiming of the clock in the hall recalled them to themselves, and reminded them that they each had a husband and a troop of children who were wondering what *could* be keeping Mother so late!

CHAPTER II.

"I'm afraid I put my foot in it badly," said the lady who had spoken about a poor relation, as they all passed through the gate that opened to the public road.

"Oh no!" said one of the others, "we *all* have poor relations, and perhaps, for ought we know, that's the name some of our friends, though poorer than ourselves, may apply to some of us!"

"But how was I to know that their Aunt What-do-you-call-her? was a poor relation? I think people ought to be warned about that kind of thing. I think every person who invites people to her house should send them a sheet of paper beforehand with a list of subjects and topics that she doesn't wish to be spoken about."

"Do you mean that we are all of us to take our skeletons out of their cupboards, and parade them at the front-door whenever we are having company, for that is what your proposal comes to? That would be too dreadful!"

"But I don't know," said another lady, "that Aunt Peggy *is* a poor relation. If all is true that I have heard, she is, if anything, a rich relation. At least they say that amongst their whole connexion—and they have more cousins than my limited and undeveloped mental powers are able to count—she is the one who gives not only the wisest but the handsomest gifts on all occasions, and she is certainly the friend they all send for in any time of trouble, no matter what it be. And did you ever see a sweeter face?

I always determine to be good every time I look at her, and I really think that, after I have seen her, I am a better woman for at least three days. My husband says we must hunt up our genealogies, and see if we can't make her out to be a relation of our own, on one side of the house or other!

"Well I am sorry I spoke at all, but it was the putting of the word 'scraggy' into my mouth, and the smile with which it was done, that set me all wrong."

"Oh! that's one of their little family jokes, don't you know? and it is about that same Aunt Peggy. She tells it herself. It was in Edinburgh, at the Waverley Station, and she was making for a through carriage for Aberdeen, when she heard a young fellow say to his companion who was sitting next the window—'For any sake don't let that scraggy old character come in here,' and, ever since, one of the names she likes to sign her letters by is 'Old Scraggy.'"

CHAPTER III.

Five months afterwards, in mid October, our blundering friend was at Falcons Hill once more. As she sat at the window she was admiring what seemed a perfect pyramid of cresses or nasturtiums.

"Oh how lovely! I never did see a prettier sight. So many flowers, and such variety of colour, from the palest yellow up through the brightest scarlet to the duskiest brown! It just looks like the fire one loves to see on a wintry day; there's heat and flame and the promise of more for a good while to come. . . . But you don't mean to tell me that that is the dead-looking rhododendron that was there in spring that the nasturtiums are clinging to?"

"Yes, it is, and it is some years now since it had any flowers of its own, and the gardener was so angry at its being there that at last we told him to pull it up. But our Aunt Peggy—do you remember her? I think you must have met her here—begged us to spare it one more year. She said it seemed to her to be so like herself, so old and withered and forlorn, that her heart went out to it, poor thing, and she wondered if it could not be made of some use, after all. So we spared it for her sake, and she, without telling us, sowed some varieties of fine nasturtium seed underneath and round about it, and every September and October since, specially in boisterous weather, when other flowers are fading and the place begins to look so chilly and untidy, that bright blaze of colour asserts itself like the crimson on a robin's breast among the autumn leaves, and that clump is even more admired than its companions were in May. And we call the bush *Aunt Peggy*, for we seem to see her in it. There is not one in all our connexion that has not had to cling to her in some trouble, and she has been a stay and shelter to us all."

"And I don't wonder," said the visitor, who had been learning some things during these five months, "that you see her in that 'burning bush.' I think I see her there myself, and I hope I see Another there beside her!"

This is the hill which God desireth to dwell in.—Psalm 68, 16.

A mother told me the other day that, when her boy was a child, he climbed up into his little arm-chair which he had pulled close to the table, and putting a Bible in front of him, looked round at his parents

and said, "Now I am up on the top of high and holy hill!" It had been a pet phrase of his father's, I have no doubt, at morning and evening family worship. And the little fellow was right in what he said. For

1. To be a human being at all, with the gifts of reason and will and the power to love, is surely to be on the high and holy hill of God. Was not the making of man in His Own Image the climax of God's creative work "in the beginning"?

2. To have been born in these last times, the heir of so many ages, is to be still higher up the hill. How continuous and how great, during all these thousands of years, has been the ascent of our race into the knowledge of all that God is!

3. But to be a child in the great days in which we live, with godly parents and a happy home, knowing from its infancy the scriptures which are able to make it wise unto salvation, is surely to be almost "in the heavenly places."

A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine, and the hardness of his face is changed. —Eccl. 8, 1. R.V. See 2 Cor. 5, 17.

"WHEN I went to Dobu in 1890," says Dr. George Brown, a man whose life Robert Louis Stevenson wished to write, "Sir W. MacGregor, the British Governor, said, 'Take care of yourself, or they will knock you on the head. They are about the worst natives I know in New Guinea.' When he came to see us in 1897 he asked me what great change I had seen in the people's appearance since I first landed. I mentioned several things. 'No,' he said, 'the change is not a matter of dress, or even manner, but they have quite a different expression on their faces now.' We missionaries have often talked of this. As the people come under the influence of Christian teaching, there is not only a softening of their facial expression, but also the signs of an intelligent interest which were absent before."

Reasons for not going to Church. 11th Series.—No. 11.

This man is a Birdstuffer, or, as his master calls himself on his sign-board, a Taxidermist and Preserver of Birds and Quadrupeds. He says that one of the greatest pleasures of his calling is seeing people, specially children and old ladies, staring at him, or running from him in terror, when he carries his finished orders through the streets. But he has given up going to Church because he finds he can't see to read now without spectacles, and he doesn't like the way some of the young folks smile every time he puts them on.

1	M	Having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day.—*Acts 26, 22.*
2	Tu	I press on toward the goal.—*Phil. 3, 14 R.V.* Dr. Solander said to the sailors in New Zealand in 1769, when they were drowsy with cold and weariness, "He that sits will sleep, and he that sleeps will wake no more."
3	W	Lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death.—*Ps. 13, 3.*
4	Th	Consider Him . . . . . that ye wax not weary.—*Heb. 12, 3.*
5	F	He giveth power to the faint.—*Is. 40, 29-31.*
6	S	Underneath are the everlasting arms.—*Deut. 33, 27.*
7	S	Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel.—*Ps. 80, 1.*
8	M	I have gone astray like a lost sheep.—*Ps. 119, 176.*
9	T	Seek Thy servant. "A new-born lamb had been lost. About 9 o'clock, as it was raining, the rest of us gave up the search. At midnight we were roused by a voice: it was Garibaldi returning, joyfully carrying the lost lamb in his arms. He took it to his bed, and lay down with it, giving it a bit of sponge dipped in milk to suck to keep it quiet, . . . and he spent the whole night caressing and feeding the foolish creature."—*Trevelyan's Garibaldi and The Thousand.*
10	W	Rejoice with me; for I have found My sheep which was lost.—*Luke 15, 6.*
11	Th	And other sheep I have; them also I must bring.—*John 10, 16.*
12	F	Therefore doth My Father love Me, because I lay down My life.
13	S	This commandment received I from My Father.—*v. 18.*
14	S	Be glad in the Lord: and shout for joy.—*Ps. 32, 11.*
15	M	Why art thou cast down, O my soul?—*Ps. 42, 11.*
16	Tu	A merry heart is a good medicine.—*Prov. 17, 22. R.V.*
17	W	A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.—*Prov. 15, 13.*
18	Th	And they began to be merry.—*Luke 15, 24.*
19	F	Glad all our days.—*Ps. 90, 14.*—"A laugh has a long echo."—*Mary Mitford.*
20	S	The joy of Jerusalem was heard even afar off.—*Neh. 12, 43.*
21	S	The household of the faith.—*Gal. 6, 10. R.V.*
22	M	How good it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.—*Ps. 133, 1.*
23	Tu	I pray . . . that they all may be one:—*John 17, 21.*
24	W	One in Us. Shortly after his sister Annie was married, his brother George, then a young boy, having heard a sermon on "How good it is to have the Lord as our portion," asked "Would it be as good as it would be if Annie were to come home?"—*Principal Rainy's Life.*
25	Th	Love, which is the bond of perfectness.—*Col. 3, 14.*
26	F	The voice of rejoicing is in the tents of the righteous.—*Ps. 118, 15.*
27	S	The God of all the families of Israel.—*Jer. 31, 1.*
28	S	The multitude welcomed Jesus.—*Luke 8, 40. R.V.*
29	M	Jesus welcomed them.—*Luke 9, 11. R.V.* "President Wheelock, of Dartmouth College, U.S.A., a stiff and stately man, used to say to us when we called on him, after our business was settled, 'Will you sit longer, sir, or will you go now?' It was a recognised formula, and no young man, that I ever heard of, ever sat longer after hearing it."—*Ticknor's Life.*
30	Tu	I call you not servants; but I have called you friends.—*John 15, 15.*

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December, 1909. One Halfpenny

The Morning Watch.

Vol. XXII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* No. 12.

City Sparrows.

Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?—Luke 12, 6.

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After these things, and this faithfulness, Sennacherib King of Assyria came, and entered into Judah.—2 Chron. 32, 1. Revised Version.

AFTER you have left school and have gone to work, many people will tell you to take things easy and to mind your own interests. They will say to you, with the air of martyrs and philosophers, that it has been their experience, that the more they did for people the less thanks they got; and if they had life to begin again, they wouldn't toil and slave and kill themselves as they have done, to please anybody.

The people who say that to us are not speaking either truly or wisely. They forget at least three things.

1. They forget that, say what they like, they did *not* do their duty always. Hezekiah showed great faithfulness, such faithfulness in many things as can hardly be too much praised, but he had his moments and days of unfaithfulness as well. In 2 Kings 18 we are told that in the fourteenth year of his reign, in a fit of unbelief and cowardice, to pacify the enemy, he stripped the gold from the doors and pillars of the temple, the very gold he himself had given to God. They who say they have always done their duty, and done it to the uttermost, do not know the meaning of their words.

2. They forget how great a reward God has already given them. Isn't it something to be able to say we have tried hard to do what is right? Is there no joy in bearing the yoke of Christ?

3. They forget the blessings God is preparing for us. They forget

> His good time
> Which does not always fall on a Saturday
> When the world looks for wages.

There remaineth a Sabbath for the people of God. If we are faithful, God is not unfaithful. He sends us trials, not only because we need them, and because He loves to see our faith and trust in Him, but because our trials are the gateways to deliverances. After this faithfulness the Assyrian came—

> Came down like the wolf on the fold.

You know the rest. The destruction of that mighty host was Hezekiah's crowning mercy: "and he was magnified in the sight of all nations from thenceforth."

Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 125.)

13th Birthday. | In the *Life* of the late Dr. Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, there is a letter written by him, when Bishop of London, to his son William.

13th Birthday.

It is a very kindly one, though it is evident that, on this occasion at least, Dr. Temple was one of those men who "joke with difficulty."

"Fulham Palace, October 14, 1894.

"To-morrow is your birthday, and I write to-day, having nothing whatever to say, just to prove that I have not forgotten you. You are now a man of immense age, and for seven years the number of your age will always end in 'teen,' a mystical syllable which indicates all sorts of very wonderful peculiarities. It rhymes to 'bean,' and indicates a donkey full of beans and ready to kick. It rhymes to 'green,' and implies a delightful innocence always taken in by any and every hoax. It rhymes to 'lean,' and indicates the character of your bodily frame. It rhymes to 'mean,' and indicates a character which you will never be, try ever so hard. Why on earth should your foolish father ever give you a thought? You do not often give him one!"

"On my 13th birthday, 1832," says Mr. Ruskin in his *Praeterita*, "my father's partner, Mr. Henry Telford, gave me Samuel Rogers' poem *Italy*, with illustrations by Turner, and determined the main tenor of my life. At that time I had never heard of Turner, except in the well-remembered saying of Mr. Runciman's, 'that the world had lately been much dazzled and led away by some splendid ideas thrown out by Turner.' But I had no sooner cast eyes on the Rogers vignettes than I took them for my only masters, and set myself to imitate them as far as I possibly could by fine pen shading."

Some of you will not understand what Mr. Ruskin means by "determining the main tenor" of his life till you are older, and have read his *Modern Painters* and some of his other books, and know how great a part he played in the art history of our country.

"I often heard my mother say that my father spent his fourteenth birthday as an ensign in Gibraltar." The ensign was the officer who carried the regiment's colours.—*Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley.*

Having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water.—Heb. 10, 22.

SIR HENRY M. STANLEY, G.C.B., the African explorer, who died five years ago, tells us in his *Autobiography*, published only last month, the story of his first flogging. It was on a Sabbath evening, 1849, and the scene was the Union Workhouse in St. Asaph, in Wales. The master, a cruel man, was reading the 41st of Genesis to the boys, and to test their attention suddenly looked up and asked him who it was that interpreted Pharaoh's dream.

"Jophes, sir."

"Who?"

"Jophes."

"Joseph, you mean."

"Yes, sir, Jophes."

Despite the master's repeated

shouts of "Joseph," the child continued saying "Jophes," wondering more and more at his teacher's rising wrath and wherein lay the difference between the two names. And then came a flogging which left him bruised and bloodied all over, and unable to stand. For weeks after, he was under the impression that the scourging was less due to his mistake than to some mysterious connexion it might have with Genesis.

A more touching story than that of Stanley's life I have never read. It is the story of Joseph from beginning to end, from the day "his feet were hurt with fetters" till he was made "the ruler of the people, to bind princes, and teach senators wisdom."

Let me commend to all of you, girls and boys alike, his passion for order and cleanliness. In the Workhouse, when it was his turn to clean up and make the beds, he had a consuming desire to exhibit everything at its best, to arrange the beds without a single crease or pucker, to make the folds with mathematical exactness, to dust and polish cupboards and window-sills until they were speckless, and to make the flagstones shine like mirrors. "There," he would say to his companions, his eyes sparkling with pride, "that is the way to wash a floor. Let us make the beds fit for princes to sleep in."

And as at the beginning, so was it at the end of his life. On the night of April 17, 1903, his wife was awakened by a cry. She found he was without speech, his face drawn, and his body paralysed on the left side.

"No sooner," she says, "had the doctors withdrawn, that first terrible morning, than he made me understand that he wished to be propped up in bed. Now, absolute quiet had been strictly enjoined, but he always expected to be obeyed, and to have thwarted him at such a time would, I feared, only have agitated him. I therefore raised and supported him, and then he made me understand that he must *shave!* I fetched his razors, brush, soap, and water; I prepared the lather, which he applied himself with trembling hand, the only hand he could use; and then with eyes bloodshot, his noble face drawn, his mind dazed, but his will still indomitable, he began shaving. I held his cheek and chin; he tried to see himself in the mirror I held, but his eyes could not focus, nevertheless he succeeded in shaving *clean!*

"I give this account as a typical instance of his self-control and resolution. He had often told me that, on all his expeditions, he had made it a rule always to shave carefully." (Jophes again! See Genesis 41, 14). "In the Great Forest, in 'Starvation Camp,' on the mornings of battle, he had never neglected this custom, however great the difficulty. 'I always,' he said, 'presented as decent an appearance as possible, both for self-discipline and for self-respect, and it was also necessary as Chief to do so.'"

The Useless Tacks.

CHAPTER I.

THE Randlesons, father, mother, and two boys, lived in a two-roomed cottage two hundred yards from the sea shore. The rooms were small, and Mrs. Randleson sorely grudged the space taken up in winter time by her tubs and her husband's garden tools. She often spoke of the little toolhouse, 5 feet by 3, that her father had made, but wages were small, and boys were hungry, and wood was dear. The people on the other side of the loch, six miles off, had more wood than they could use, the west winds urged it to them, but her chance came only when the wind blew straight from the north, and that was but five or six days in the year. Then would come a few shavings, some corks from fishermen's nets, an occasional wedge, or the branch of a tree. Once they found a ten-foot yellow pine plank and were happy for weeks. It lay at the end of the house, and every time they looked at it they were filled with wonder and gratitude and hope. It was Mr. Randleson who dragged it up one wintry morning in the dark. He laid it quietly down, and then came into the house without a word. But as soon as it was light, just as they were sitting down to porridge, "Take my arm, Mary," he said, and then leading the way, the boys following, not without fear, he led her to the end of the house where the plank lay. The boys never forgot that moment. Oh but it was a great day! A ten-foot plank, and yet some people said that life was not worth living!

The whole household, singly and jointly, often went and looked at it, and came away comforted.

"If only we could get one or two more, even though they were but half the size—" but it was evidently not to be!

CHAPTER II.

When Mrs. Randleson went away one Monday in September to see her ailing father, all things seemed to be as they had been for many a day. But that night a north wind blew, and in the morning her husband saw something the moment he opened the door.

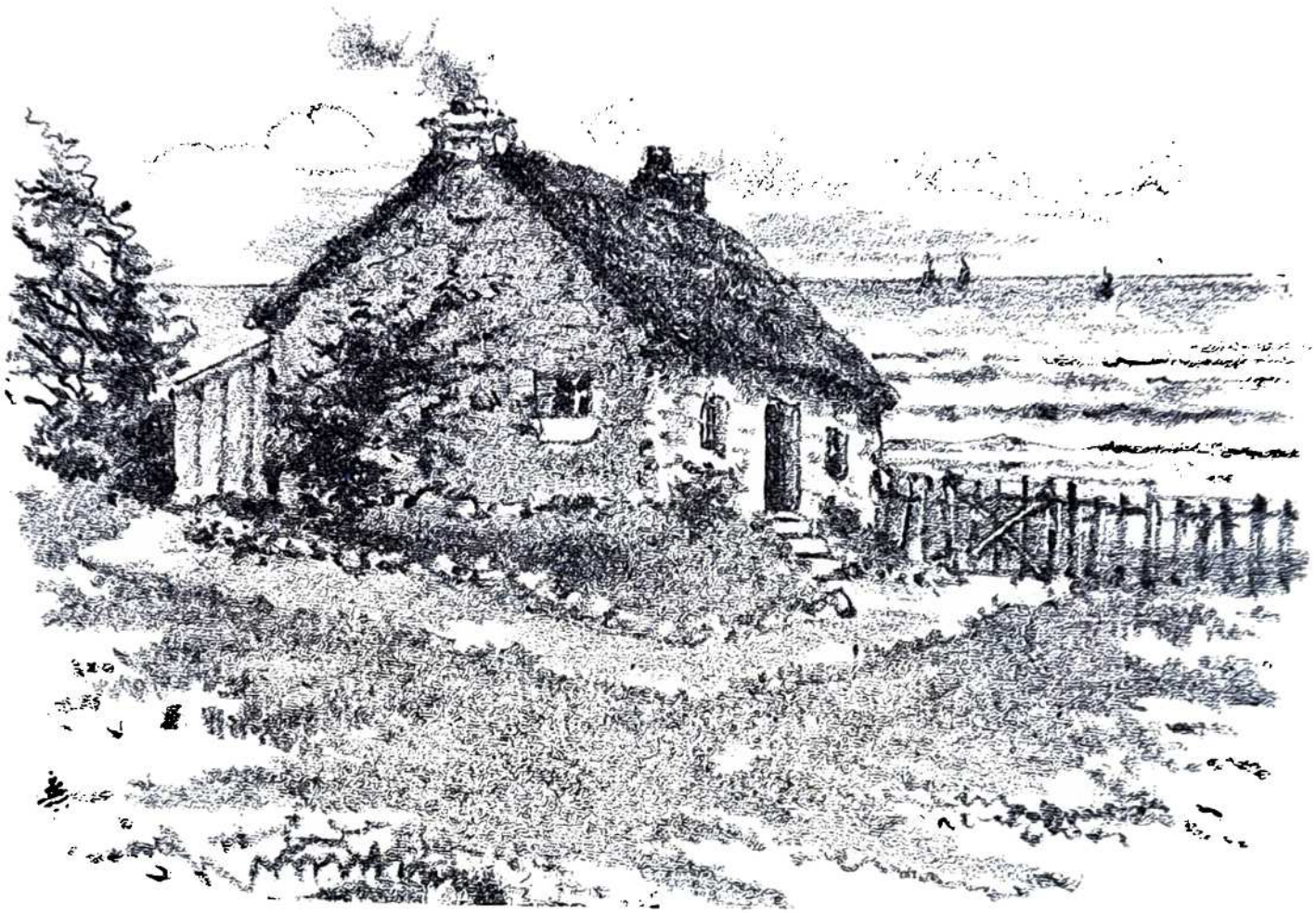
"Get up, boys, and put on your clothes, and follow me."

He waited till they were ready, and then with a solemn face, led the way. "Who'll be first down?" he cried.

That was another moment the boys never forgot. He used to outrun them easily when they tried races, but this morning he took care to let them beat him. It was a day he wished to be remembered.

One, two, three, four, five, six, eight, ten—ten long clean boards, a half-inch thick, 12 inches broad, and the shortest of them twelve feet long, thrown overboard to clear the deck of a Canadian cattle-ship, were lying high and dry upon the beach.

Oh but it was great! And how the little fellows puffed and blew and took off their jackets and hauled! Then when the last board had been carried up, "Can it be done before Mother's back?" he asked, and the



boys answered the question by gripping their father's legs and wrestling with him. Oh but it was great!

It was the last week of the school holidays, and the boys were free, but their father, a roadman, had to go to work. His wife was one of those women who never throw anything away—"Keep a thing for seven years and you'll find a use for it" was a proverb often in her mouth—and he knew that for years she had been gathering nails against the day when a tool-shed should be made.

"Get all the nails and tacks you can, big and little," he said, "and we'll plan things out when I come home at night. But don't meddle with the planks till then. They're heavy and you might hurt yourselves, and we'll need all the strength and time we have if the house is to be ready by Friday."

CHAPTER III.

"Science is measurement," and measuring was the greater part of the first night's work, but they did some sawing too. In the morning he got four of the eight uprights in. On the Wednesday night the roof was on, with eaves projecting a foot on each of its three sides. He always liked broad eaves to a house; it gave it, he thought, a cosy look. On Thursday the sides and front were boarded, all but a space of eight inches under the eaves right

round. That would let in light and air, and the eaves would keep out the rain. He had heard his minister say there was an opening like that round the ark. And, of course, there was a space two-and-a-half feet wide in the middle to go out and in by. If he had had a hinge he would have made a door, but that could wait.

Then, to protect the roof in winter—a very necessary thing—"Boys, where are the strips of old waxcloth that your mother found one day?" They had been thrown out of a yacht.

"Here they are!"

"The very thing! and there will be enough with some patching to do the whole roof."

That was the early morning's work on Friday, and it was then they had the adventure of the "useless tacks." The tacks were kept in an old matchbox, and as there seemed to be more than they would need their father used the best ones first, then those that were shorter or blunter that had been previously rejected.

In the Randlesons' house the Bible was quoted on all occasions, but, of course, with reverence, and not in jest. It and *Pilgrim's Progress*, and *The Scots Worthies*, and *The Cloud of Witnesses*, and *Foxe's Book of Martyrs*, and *Robinson Crusoe*, and, of course, *The Shorter Catechism*, were almost the only books they had, and they knew them so well that they thought in them, and everything that happened suggested something in them. When their father, therefore, was finishing the covering of the roof, and knew that the tacks were about done, he said, "Another tack," and then the story of Elisha and the widow's cruse of oil came into his head, and he said, smiling, "Bring me yet a tack." To this the elder of his boys answered, "There is not a tack more."

"I need only two to keep this corner down, but I need them, and we must get them somehow."

When he began to use the tacks that morning there were two with bent points, like the letter J, that seemed to come to his hand in a very provoking way every time he put his fingers in the box, and being in a hurry, for he had to be at his work by half-past six, he got a little cross with them, and at last took them out and laid them aside, saying, "Now don't you torment me any more!"

"Are you sure there are no more in any of the drawers?"

"No, father; but could we not use the bent ones?"

"All right, but you'll have to straighten them first."

And straighten them the little fellows did, but at some cost, for in their haste they both, first one, then the other, struck their thumbs so badly with the hammer that if one had cried the other would have cried too.

"Your thumbs will be black before long," said their father, "and I'm not sorry, and I'll tell you why, if you come along the road with me.

"There was an Italian sculptor called Benvenuto Cellini—Benvenuto means Welcome—who lived

about 400 years ago, and when he was a little boy he and his father were sitting one cold day beside an oak-wood fire—his father was singing and playing the fiddle—when they saw—or imagined they saw—a little creature like a lizard running about and playing in the middle of the flame. 'Look at that,' he said, giving the boy a hard box on the ear. Whereupon Benvenuto fell a-crying.

"'My dear child,' said his father, 'I didn't give you that blow for any fault you have committed, but that you might recollect as long as you live that you have seen a *Salamander*, such an one as never was beheld before to my knowledge!' So boys, I'm glad you've hurt your thumbs. These two tacks gained their point—more ways than one—by *being on the spot*. I put them aside as being in the way, yet the time came when we were glad to have them. Mind that; a bent nail that's at hand, that's *on the spot*, is worth more than the straightest one in all the world that is half-a-mile away. Your sore thumbs will perhaps help you to mind it better! Now run away back, and each of you put in a nail."

But the boys agreed between themselves to let their Mother drive them in, and then she could say she had helped to build the house.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Randleson came back at two, having asked and readily obtained a half-holiday. He had had no holiday that year. He brought with him, too, a big pot of green paint, a present from the wheelwright. By four o'clock the shed was finished, all but the two nails, and all three went off to meet the coach that was to bring their Mother home. And not one word was to be said to her about what they had been doing. The shed, being at the back of the house where no windows were, could not be seen till one went round to it. That was to be a surprise for her after tea.

CHAPTER V.

One needn't try to hide anything from a woman, and Mrs. Ronaldson would have seen in any case, the moment she met her husband and her boys, that there was something in the air. His preternatural solemnity and their excited faces, to say nothing of the sawdust on their clothes and the smell of paint, all told a tale. In ordinary circumstances she would have shown them her suspicions, but, happily, she had been warned and was, of course, prepared to respect their secret till their own time for telling it should come. The driver of the coach had told her there had been great hammerings and on-goings all the week, though he couldn't see what it was her husband had been doing. But the road-surveyor, who travelled part of the way, could tell her more, and her own imagination, and her knowledge of her husband's love, supplied the rest.

Their meeting was, of course, a happy one, though perhaps a little formal-looking. One of the boys took her box, the other the ham which her father had sent for their Sabbath breakfasts. The bag with cabbage-leaves on the top she entrusted to her husband. It was

full of apples for the boys, she whispered to him, and was a little surprise she had prepared for them. "People," she said, "like to be surprised; she could remember the time when she got little surprises herself, but these days were past. But she hoped he had been doing something to the garden while she was away."

CHAPTER VI.

"Ah, well," she said, when she came in and looked at the house, "I can see it was time I was back. I must begin to redd things up a bit as soon as I have had a cup of tea. But is it not a terrible thing to be married to a lazy man and to be the mother of two lazy boys?" They sat down to tea, and their father asked a blessing, but the boys couldn't eat, and at last Mr. Randleson said, "Mary!" and gave her his arm, and led her out through the door, the boys leaping in front of them, and round to the back, and there ——— !

Mrs. Randleson was expecting a little shed, no bigger than her father's, and was prepared to affect a proportionate surprise, but a shed 12 feet long, with a waterproof roof, and painted green!—her surprise was more genuine than she was prepared for; the one half had not been told her.

"And you are to put in the last two tacks, Mother," the boys cried.

. . . . .

"That looks a big cabbage your father sent us," said Mr. Randleson when tea was over. "May I look at it?"

"Oh it's apples! it's apples!" Then, when they had counted them —and there were 5 dozen—"Oh, Mother! you've played a trick on us."

"Yes, but *nothing*, NOTHING like the trick you played on me!"

And they began to be merry.

CHAPTER VII.

Fifteen years afterwards the two boys were in a big city when trade was bad and no work was to be got.

It was a Friday afternoon, and they were standing looking over a wall where some engineering work was being done. "Should we not go away? There's no chance of work to-day," said the younger.

"I think we may as well wait on," said the other, "we have no time to go elsewhere. They might need an extra man at the last moment."

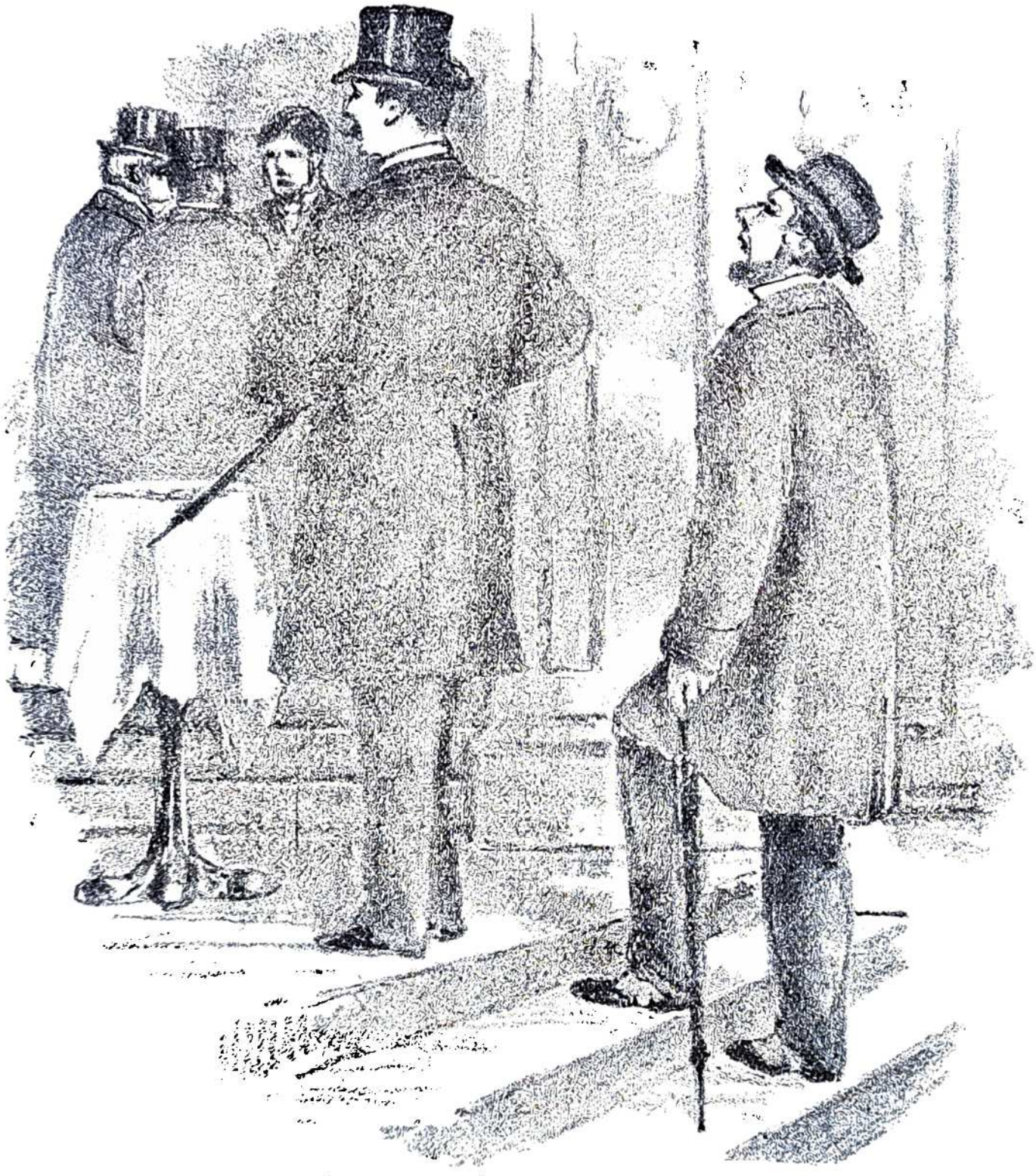
And that was just what happened! "Are you willing to come in for an hour?" a foreman cried. And their answer was so ready, and their work so hearty, and there was something so lovable about them, that the foreman said, "Come to-morrow at six."

"That comes of being *on the spot*, Bill, as father used to say. Isn't it fine? Do you remember the toolhouse and the Salamander?"

"Don't I? But I thought you had forgotten it, and I was just going to punch your head like little Benvenuto's father. That was a great day, John, wasn't it? Do you remember Mother's face?"

Reasons for not going to Church. 11th Series.—No. 12.

This man, after a sore struggle with himself, put a "whole pound-note" in the "plate" the other Sabbath. Unfortunately the elder and deacon who were in charge were speaking at the time to the church-officer about one of the ventilators that was not working properly, and he has since heard that they have been saying the note was put in by a well-to-do stranger who



passed in in front of him, and, to his certain knowledge, "put in only a sixpence."

Our friend says there is far too much "eye-service and men-pleasing and self-seeking" now-a-days, and has left the church in consequence, and purposes joining another where "honour will be given to whom honour is due," and one in which he will be "appreciated at his true worth."

1	W	Thou that art given to pleasures.—*Is. 47, 8.*
2	TH	Choked with pleasures.—*Luke 8, 14.*
3	F	It is good for me that I have been afflicted,—*Ps. 119, 71.*
4	S	That I might learn Thy statutes. "Bad weather is a most excellent thing for a University. It is too rainy to go much out of doors, so that the only resource is to keep house and study—study."—*Prof. Saalfield of Göttingen to Prof. J. S. Blackie.*
5	S	The rulers take counsel together against the Lord.—*Ps. 2, 2.*
6	M	Yet He also is wise, and will not call back His words.—*Is. 31, 2.*
7	TU	He taketh the wise in their own craftiness.—*Job 5, 13.*
8	W	The counsel of the wisest counsellors is become brutish.—*Is. 19, 11.*
9	TH	I am the Lord, That maketh diviners mad. "Prof. Nassau Senior's book of *Conversations* with the leading men of France illustrates the uncertainty of all political prediction; four out of every five prophecies made by the ablest men in the most advantageous positions came wrong."—*Memoir of the Right Hon. W. E. H. Lecky.*
10	F	That saith of Cyrus, He shall perform all My pleasure.—*Is. 44, 25-28.*
11	S	Be wise now, therefore, O ye kings. Kiss the Son.—*Ps. 2, 10.*
12	S	And, behold, the babe wept.—*Ex. 2, 6.* "It took me some time to learn the unimportance of tears in a Workhouse."—*Sir H. M. Stanley, G.C.B.*
13	M	Thus saith the Lord, I have seen thy tears.—*Is. 38, 5.*
14	TU	As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.—*Is. 66, 13.*
15	W	Put Thou my tears into Thy bottle.—*Ps. 56, 8.*
16	TH	Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou?—*John 20, 15.*
17	F	I know their sorrows; and I am come down to deliver them.—*Ex. 3, 7.*
18	S	God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes.—*Rev. 7, 17 (R. V.)*
19	S	Before whose eyes Jesus Christ was openly set forth crucified.—*Gal. 3, 1 (R. V.)*
20	M	They that passed by.—*Matt. 27, 39.* "Some pass by the Cross proudly; some unthinkingly; some busily; some sympathisingly. I ought not to pass by. I ought to stand still. I should look on Him whom I have pierced, and mourn."—*In the Secret Place, by Dr. Smellie.*
21	TU	What think ye of Christ?—*Matt. 22, 42.*
22	W	I will now turn aside, and see this great sight.—*Ex. 3, 3.*
23	TH	We were eye-witnesses of His majesty.—*2 Pet. 1, 16.*
24	F	We esteemed Him not.—*Is. 53, 3.*
25	S	He was numbered with the transgressors.—*v. 12.*
26	S	Why are ye fearful? have ye not yet faith?—*Mark 4, 40 (R. V.)*
27	M	Hath God forgotten to be gracious?—*Psalm 77, 9.*
28	TU	God will surely visit you.—*Gen. 50, 24.* Compare with this Ex. 3, 16.
29	W	I have surely visited you, and seen that which is done to you.
30	TH	Look up, and lift up your heads. Wintry boughs against a wintry sky, Yet the sky is partly blue, And the clouds are partly bright. Who can tell but the sap is mounting high Out of sight—Ready to burst through?—*Christina Rossetti.*
31	F	FOR YOUR REDEMPTION DRAWETH NIGH.—*Luke 21, 28.*

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